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THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:  
COMPREHENDING  
A Life of the Poet,  
AND  
AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,  
BY  
THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.  
WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΤΗΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ  
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΤΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. XIV.

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**CORIO LANUS.**

**WINTER'S TALE.**



**C O R I O L A N U S.**

**VOL. XIV.**

**B**





## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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**T**HIS play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1610. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii.

It comprhends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied, from the Life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, }  
COMINIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.

YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,  
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants  
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

*SCENE*, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

# CORIO LANUS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *CIT.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*CIT.* Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *CIT.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*CIT.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *CIT.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*CIT.* We know't, we know't.

1 *CIT.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*CIT.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *CIT.* One word, good citizens.

1 *CIT.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good<sup>1</sup>: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved as humanely; but they think, we are too dear<sup>2</sup>: the leanness that afflicts us, the object

<sup>1</sup> 1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good;] *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. So, Touchstone in *Eastward Hoe*:

“——known *good* men, well monied.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“Antonio's a *good* man.” MALONE.

of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. —Let us revenge this with our pikes<sup>3</sup>, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

<sup>2</sup> — but they think, we are too dear:] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Let us revenge this with our PIKES, ere we become RAKES:] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, "Let us now revenge this with *forks*, ere we become *rakes*:" for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So, Jewel in his own translation of his Apology, turns "Christianos ad *furcas* condemnare," to—"To condemn christians to the *pikes*." But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, "as lean as a rake." Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; "as lean as a rake" is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, "as lean as a rake," owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 281:

"As lene was his hors as is a *rake*."

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his Fairy Queen, Canto II.:

"His body lean and meagre *as a rake*."

"As thin as a whipping-post," is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of Virgil, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

"A meigre leane *rake*," &c.

This passage, however, seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition; as also does the following from Churchyard's Tragical Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life, 1593:

"And though *as leane as rake* in every rib." STEEVENS.

2 *CIT.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

*ALL.* Against him first<sup>4</sup> ; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *CIT.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

1 *CIT.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud. ✕

2 *CIT.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *CIT.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude<sup>5</sup> of his virtue.

2 *CIT.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *CIT.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

*CIT.* Come, come.

1 *CIT.* Soft ; who comes here ?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *CIT.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *CIT.* He's one honest enough ; 'Would, all the rest were so !

<sup>4</sup> *Cit.* Against him first, &c.] This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the Citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first Citizen. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — to the altitude —] So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ He's traitor to the height.” STEEVENS.

*MEN.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand ?

Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *CIT.* Our business <sup>6</sup> is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths : they shall know, we have strong arms too.

*MEN.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

1 *CIT.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*MEN.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment <sup>7</sup> : For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you ; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

<sup>6</sup> Our business, &c.] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* Citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* Citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment :] So, in *Othello* :

“ I have made my way through more impediments

“ Than twenty times your stop.” MALONE.

1 *CIT.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*MEN.* Either you must  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To scale 't a little more<sup>s</sup>.

<sup>s</sup> — I will venture

To SCALE 't a little more.] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine," in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. So, in *The Hystorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. a play published in 1599:

"The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,

"Are *skaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, already quoted:

"—— Cut off his beard——."

"Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of little *scal'd* hair." In the North they say *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II. says: "—they would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530: "—whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies." In the learned Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale, to scatter, to spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler, schevel, skail*; but of a more general signification. See vol. ix. p. 115, n. 5. STEEVENS.

1 *CIT.* Well, I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale<sup>9</sup> : but, an't please you, deliver.

*MEN.* There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest ; where the other instru-  
ments<sup>1</sup>

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate<sup>2</sup>, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *CIT.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

*MEN.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of  
smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs<sup>3</sup>, but even  
thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile<sup>4</sup>,

Theobald reads—*stale* it. MALONE.

To *scale*, means also to *weigh*, to *consider*. If we understand it in the sense of to *separate*, as when it is said to *scale* the corn, it may have the same metaphorical signification as to *discuss* ; but Theobald's emendation is so slight, and affords so clear a meaning, that I should be inclined to adopt it. BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> — DISGRACE with a tale:] *Disgraces* are *hardships*, *injuries*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — WHERE the other instruments —] *Where* for *whereas*.

JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in the *Winter's Tale* :

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The *instruments* that *feel*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — participate,] Here means *participant*, or *participating*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — I may make the belly SMILE,] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly and *sayed*,” &c. North's translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.



As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied  
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
 That envied his receipt; even so most fitly <sup>5</sup>  
 As you malign our senators, for that  
 They are not such as you <sup>6</sup>.

1 *CIT.* Your belly's answer: What!  
 The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
 The counsellor heart <sup>7</sup>, the arm our soldier,  
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabrick, if that they——

*MEN.* What then?—  
 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what  
 then?

1 *CIT.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-  
 strain'd,  
 Who is the sink o' the body,——

*MEN.* Well, what then?

1 *CIT.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer?

*MEN.* I will tell you;  
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) <sup>8</sup>  
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *CIT.* You are long about it.

*MEN.* Note me this, good friend;  
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,*

<sup>5</sup> — even so most FITLY —] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> They are not SUCH as you.] I suppose we should read—  
 “They are not *as* you.” So, in St. Luke, xviii. 11: “God, I  
 thank thee, I am not *as* this publican.” The pronoun—*such*,  
 only disorders the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The counsellor heart,] The heart was anciently esteemed  
 the feat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man*.

JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *un-  
 derstanding*. See the next note. MALONE.

*That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;  
Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the  
brain<sup>s</sup>;*

<sup>s</sup> —to the seat o' the brain;] Seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

“Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the brain.*”

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in Richard II. Act III. Sc. IV.:

“Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“Against thy *seat*.”——

It should be observed too, that one of the Citizens had just before characterized these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

“The *kingly crowned head*, the vigilant eye,

“The *counsellor heart*——.” TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his Remains, 1605, and has like our poet made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advise* of the *heart*. *There* REASON laid open before them,” &c. Remains, p. 109. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. Art. Coriolanus, in which a circumstance is noticed, that shows our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal seat*, the throne. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with the heart, and is descriptive of it. “I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal re-*

*And, through the cranks and offices of man<sup>9</sup>,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark  
me,—*

1 CIT. Ay, sir; well, well.

MEN. *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1 CIT. It was an answer: How apply you this?

MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things  
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,  
No publick benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

*sidence, the heart, in which the kingly crowned understanding  
sits enthroned.*

So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"The rightful heir to England's royal seat."

In like manner in Twelfth-Night our author has erected the  
throne of love in the heart:

"It gives a very echo to the seat"

"Where love is throned."

Again, in Othello:

"Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne."

So, in King Henry V.:

"We never valued this poor seat of England." MALONE.

See Mr. Douce's note at the end of this play. BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> — *the cranks and offices of man,*] Cranks are the meandrous  
ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

Cranks are windings. In Venus and Adonis our Author has  
employed the same word as a verb:

"He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles."

He has a similar metaphor in Hamlet:

"The natural gates and alleys of the body." MALONE.

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?  
You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

1 *CIT.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

*MEN.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest,  
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage<sup>1</sup>.—

<sup>1</sup> Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to RUN  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.] I think, we may better  
read, by an easy change :

“Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood, to *ruin*

“Lead'st first, to win, &c.”

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead  
thy fellows to *ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning,  
however, is perhaps only this, ‘Thou that art a hound, or run-  
ning dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is  
to be gotten.’ JOHNSON.

*Worst in blood* may be the true reading. In King Henry VI.  
Part I. :

“If we be English deer, be then *in blood*,”

i. e. high spirits, in vigour.

Again, in this play of Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. V. : “But when  
they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*,” &c.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these pas-  
sages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal ; and  
that “worst in blood,” is *least in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant  
a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood*  
was, I have remarked in a former note, a phrase of the forest.  
See vol. iv. p. 352.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should an-  
swer on both sides. He seems to mean here, ‘thou worthless  
scoundrel, though like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst  
condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead  
in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to your-  
self.’ What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could ob-  
tain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, con-  
sider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense.  
So afterwards—

“From *rascals* worse than they.”

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible ; as  
the term, though it is applicable both in its original and meta-  
phorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog ; nor

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;  
 ¶ Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
 The one side must have bale<sup>2</sup>.—Hail, noble Mar-  
 cius !

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-  
 tious rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs ?

1 CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee, will  
 flatter  
 Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you  
 curs,  
 That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights  
 you,  
 The other makes you proud<sup>3</sup>. He that trusts you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;  
 Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to  
 the canine species. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> The one side must have *bale*.] *Bale* is an old Saxon word,  
 for *misery* or *calamity* :

“ For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.”

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Mr. M. Mason observes that “ *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified  
*poison* in Shakspeare's days.” So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ With *baleful* weeds and precious-juiced flowers.”

STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked  
 as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> That LIKE NOR peace nor war ? the one affrights you,

The other makes you PROUD.] Coriolanus does not use  
 these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them  
 with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

JOHNSON.

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it<sup>4</sup>. Who deserves great-  
ness,

Deserves your hate : and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust  
ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-  
ter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another ?—What's their seek-  
ing<sup>5</sup> ?

MEN. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they  
say,  
The city is well stor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em ! They say ?  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol : who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines<sup>6</sup> : side factions, and  
give out

<sup>4</sup> — Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak  
well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and  
to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> What's THEIR seeking?] *Seeking* is here used substantively.  
—The answer is, “ Their seeking, or *suit*. (to use the language of  
the time,) is *for* corn.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — who's like to rise,

WHO THRIVES, and who declines:] The words—*who thrives*,  
which destroy the metre, appear to be an evident and tasteless in-  
terpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough ?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth<sup>7</sup>,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands<sup>8</sup> of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — their RUTH,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective—*ruthless*, which is still current. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — I'd make a quarry

With thousands —] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

“ And like a *quarry* cast them on the land.”

See vol. xi. p. 233, n. 4. STEEVENS.

The word *quarry* occurs in *Macbeth*, where Ross says to Macduff :

“ — to state the manner,

“ Were on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer

“ To add the death of you.”

In a note on this last passage, Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian*: and from thence I suppose the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, where Fortinbras sees so many lying dead, he says :

“ This *quarry* cries, on havock !”

and in the last scene of *A Wife for a Month*, Valerio, in describing his own fictitious battle with the Turks, says :

“ I saw the child of honour, for he was young,

“ Deal such an alms among the spiteful Pagans,

“ And round about his reach, invade the Turks,

“ He had intrench'd himself in his dead *quarries*.”

M. MASON.

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that “ a *quarry* among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting.” This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — PICK my lance.] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants.

TOLLET.

*MEN.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

*MAR.* They are dissolved : Hang 'em !  
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth pro-  
verbs ;—

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must  
eat ;

That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity<sup>1</sup>,  
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the  
moon<sup>2</sup>,

Shouting \* their emulation<sup>3</sup>.

\* First folio, *shooting*.

Thus, in Froissart's Chronicle, cap. C.lxiii. fo. lxxxii. b :  
“ — and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche  
squier dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym  
through bothe the thyes.” STEEVENS.

So, in An Account of Auntient Customes and Games, &c. MSS.  
Harl. 2057, fol. 10, b :

“ To wrestle, play at strole-ball, [stool-ball] or to runne,

“ To *picke* the barre, or to shoot off a gun.”

The word is again used in King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. III.  
with only a slight variation in the spelling : “ I'll *peck* you o'er the  
pales else.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — the heart of GENEROSITY,] To give the final blow to the  
nobles. *Generosity* is *high birth*. JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure :

“ The *generous* and gravest citizens —.”

See vol. ix. p. 176, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — hang them on the horns o' the moon,] So, in Antony and  
Cleopatra :



*MEN.* What is granted them ?

*MAR.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,  
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !  
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city<sup>4</sup>,  
 Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
 For insurrection's arguing<sup>5</sup>.

*MEN.* This is strange.

*MAR.* Go, get you home, you fragments !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Where's Caius Marcius ?

*MAR.* Here : What's the matter ?

*MESS.* The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

*MAR.* I am glad on't ; then we shall have means  
 to vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

“ Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Shouting their emulation.] Each of them striving to shout  
 louder than the rest. MALONE.

*Emulation*, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction*.  
 “ Shouting their emulation,” may mean, ‘ expressing the triumph  
 of their faction by shouts.’

*Emulation*, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable  
 sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence.  
 Thus, in King Henry VI. Part I. :

“ — the trust of England's honour

“ Keep off aloof with worthless *emulation*.”

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ While *emulation* in the army crept.”

i. e. faction. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — UNROOF'D the city,] Old copy—*unroost*. Corrected by  
 Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> For insurrection's arguing.] For insurgents to debate upon.

MALONE.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 *SEN.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms <sup>6</sup>.

*MAR.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility :  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*COM.* You have fought together.

*MAR.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *SEN.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*COM.* It is your former promise.

*MAR.* Sir, it is ;  
And I am constant <sup>7</sup>.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*TIT.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*MEN.* O, true bred !

<sup>6</sup> — 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms.] Coriolanus had been just told himself that " the Volces were in arms." The meaning is, 'The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified ; they are in arms.' JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — constant.] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in Julius Cæsar :

" But I am *constant* as the northern star." STEEVENS.

1 *SEN.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*TIT.* Lead you on :  
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority <sup>8</sup>.

*COM.* Noble Lartius <sup>9</sup> !

1 *SEN.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.  
[*To the Citizens.*

*MAR.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats  
thither,

To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth <sup>1</sup> : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and  
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

*SIC.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

*BRU.* He has no equal.

*SIC.* When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

*BRU.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

*SIC.* Nay, but his taunts.

*BRU.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird <sup>2</sup>  
the gods.

<sup>8</sup> Right worthy YOU priority.] You *being* right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read—*your* priority. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Noble LARTIUS !] Old copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcus*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Your valour puts well forth :] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ ——— To-day he *puts forth*

“ The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — to GIRD —] To *sneer*, to *gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, “ every man has a *gird* at me.” JOHNSON.

*SIC.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*BRU.* The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant<sup>3</sup>.

Again, in *The Taming of The Shrew* :

“ I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio.”

Many instances of the use of this word might be added.

STEEVENS.

To *gird*, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “ in some parts of England means to *push vehemently*. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he *girds* at it.” To *gird* likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to *taunt*, or annoy by a *stroke* of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, synonymous. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> The present wars devour him : he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.] Mr. Theobald says, “ This is obscurely expressed,” but that “ the poet’s meaning *must* certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride,” &c. According to this critic then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick’s. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton’s punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that “ the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.” To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act IV. Sc. IV.:

“ But thou [the crown] most fine, most honour’d, most renown’d,

“ *Hast eat thy bearer up.*”

To be “ eat up with pride,” is still a phrase in common and vulgar use.

“ He is grown too proud to be so valiant,” may signify, ‘ his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour.’ STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. “ The present wars,” Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess ; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. III.:

“ ——— He that’s proud, *eats up* himself.”

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
 Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
 His insolence can brook to be commanded  
 Under Cominius.

*Brv.* Fame, at the which he aims,—  
 In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first : for what miscarries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure  
 Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*  
*Had borne the business !*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
 Of his demerits rob Cominius<sup>4</sup>.

*Brv.* Come :  
 Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
 Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults  
 To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
 In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
 How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is,  
 “ he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant, *to be endured.*”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Of his DEMERITS rob Cominius.] *Merits* and *Demerits* had  
 anciently the same meaning. So, in *Othello* :

“ ——— and my *demerits*

“ May speak,” &c.

Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, Cardinal Wolsey says to his ser-  
 vants : “ — I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all  
 according to your *demerits.*” Again, in P. Holland's translation of  
 Pliny's Epistle to T. Vespasian, 1600 : “ — his *demerit* had been  
 the greater to have continued his story.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hall's Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69 : “ — this noble  
 prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester —.”

MALONE.

More than in singularity<sup>5</sup>, he goes  
Upon his present action.

*BRU.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

*Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

*I SEN.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*AUF.* Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on<sup>6</sup> in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone<sup>7</sup>,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I  
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*  
*They have press'd a power<sup>8</sup>, but it is not known*

<sup>5</sup> More than in singularity, &c.] We will learn what he is to do, besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — HATH been thought on —] Old copy—*have*. Corrected by the second folio. STEEVENS.

Elliptically, whatever *things*. BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> — 'Tis not four days GONE,] i. e. four days *past*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *They have PRESS'D a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*They have prest a power*; which may signify, have a power *ready*; from *pret.* Fr. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“And I am *prest* unto it.”

See note on this passage, vol. v. p. 17. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were

*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;  
 The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,  
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)  
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
 These three lead on this preparation  
 Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :  
 Consider of it.*

1 SEN. Our army's in the field :  
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
 To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly,  
 To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
 They needs must show themselves ; which in the  
                   hatching,  
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,  
 To take in many towns<sup>9</sup>, ere, almost, Rome  
 Should know we were afoot.

2 SEN. Noble Aufidius,  
 Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :  
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :

generally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time : so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *press'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impress'd*. So, in Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus, translated by Sir T. North, 1579 : " — the common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *press* them for the warres." Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

" From London by the kingdom was I *press'd* forth."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> To TAKE in many towns,] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. So, in The Execration of Vulcan, by Ben Jonson :

" ——— The Globe, the glory of the Bank,  
 " I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,  
 " And raz'd." MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in Antony and Cleopatra :

" ——— cut the Ionian sea,  
 " And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army <sup>1</sup>; but, I think, you'll find  
They have not prepar'd for us.

*AUF.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more <sup>2</sup>.  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike  
Till one can do no more.

*ALL.* The gods assist you!

*AUF.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *SEN.* Farewell.

2 *SEN.* Farewell.

*ALL.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on  
two low Stools, and sew.*

*VOL.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-  
self in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my  
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence

<sup>1</sup> ——— for the REMOVE

Bring up your army;] Says the Senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli.* If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

“ — for *their* remove.” JOHNSON.

*The remove* and *their remove* are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> I speak from certainties. Nay, more.] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading:

“ I speak from *very* certainties,” &c. STEEVENS.



wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way<sup>3</sup>; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak<sup>4</sup>. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*VIR.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*VOL.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*GENT.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*VIR.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> — when youth with comeliness PLUCKED ALL GAZE HIS way;] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> — brows bound with oak.] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a Citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — to RETIRE myself.] This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) occurs in *The Tempest*:

*VOL.* Indeed, you shall not.  
 Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum ;  
 See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;  
 As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :  
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow  
 With his mail'd hand then wiping<sup>6</sup>, forth he goes ;  
 Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
 Or all, or lose his hire.

*VIR.* His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

*VOL.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
 Than gilt his trophy<sup>7</sup> : The breasts of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria<sup>8</sup>,  
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

*VIR.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*VOL.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*VAL.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*VOL.* Sweet madam,—

“ — I will thence

“ *Retire* me to my Milan—.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*, vol. xiii. p. 306 :

“ I have *retir'd* me to a wasteful cock—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> With his MAIL'D hand then wiping,] i. e. his hand cover'd  
 or arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> Than GILT his trophy :] *Gilt* means a superficial display of  
 gold, a word now obsolete. So, in *King Henry V.* :

“ Our gayness and our *gilt*, are all besmirch'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,] The accu-  
 racy of the first folio may be ascertained from the manner in  
 which this line is printed :

“ At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell Valeria.”

STEEVENS.

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot<sup>9</sup>, in good faith.—How does your little son?

VIR. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam-mocked it<sup>1</sup>!

VOL. One of his father's moods.

VAL. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

VIR. A crack, madam<sup>2</sup>.

VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

<sup>9</sup> A fine spot,] This expression (whatever may be the precise meaning of it,) is still in use among the vulgar: "You have made a *fine spot* of work of it," being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape.

STEEVENS.

Surely it means a pretty spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted* muslin. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> —MAMMOCKED it!] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

"That he were chopt in *mammocks*, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> A CRACK, madam.] Thus, in Cynthia's Revels by Ben Jonson:

"— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelessly, and capriciously."

Again, in The Four Prentices of London, 1615:

"A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*."

*Crack* signifies a *boy-child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on The Second Part of King Henry IV. Act III. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

*VIR.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*VIL.* Not out of doors!

*VOL.* She shall, she shall.

*VIR.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*VIL.* Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*VIR.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*VOL.* Why, I pray you?

*VIR.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*VIL.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*VIR.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*VIL.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*VIR.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*VIL.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*VIR.* Indeed, madam?

*VIL.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*VIR.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*VOL.* Let her alone, lady ; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*VAL.* In troth, I think, she would :—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*VIR.* No : at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*VAL.* Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*MAR.* Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

*LART.* My horse to yours, no.

*MAR.* 'Tis done.

*LART.* Agreed.

*MAR.* Say, has our general met the enemy ?

*MESS.* They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

*LART.* So, the good horse is mine.

*MAR.* I'll buy him of you.

*LART.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him : lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*MAR.* How far off lie these armies ?

*MESS.* Within this mile and half<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Within this mile AND HALF.] The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted ; as we are told in p. 39, that—" 'Tis not a mile" between the two armies. STEEVENS.

*MAR.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they  
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;  
That we with smoking swords may march from  
hence,  
To help our fielded friends<sup>4</sup> !—Come, blow thy  
blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some  
Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

I *SEN.* No, nor a man that fears you less than  
he,

That's lesser than a little<sup>5</sup>. Hark, our drums  
[*Alarums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our  
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with  
rushes ;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;  
[*Other Alarums.*

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*MAR.* O, they are at it !

<sup>4</sup> — FIELDED friends !] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — nor a man that fears you LESS than he,

That's lesser than a little.] The sense requires it to be read :

“ — nor a man that fears you *more* than he ; ”

Or, more probably :

“ — nor a man *but* fears you less than he,

“ That's lesser than a little——.” JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. See vol. x. p. 118, n. 4. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written—*but* fears you less, &c. MALONE.

*LART.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,  
ho !

*The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.*

*MAR.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my  
fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.*  
*The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches.*  
*Re-enter MARCIUS*<sup>6</sup>.

*MAR.* All the contagion of the south light on  
you,  
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and  
plagues<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius cursing. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues, &c.] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See vol. iv. p. 309, n. 6 ; vol. vii. p. 125, n. 8. For the present regulation I am answerable. “You herd of cowards!” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt :

“ — one's Junius, Brutus,

“ Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'sdeath,

“ The rabble should have first,” &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression :

“ — Are these your *herd* ?

“ Must these have voices,” &c.

Again : “ More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsmen* of the *beastly* plebeians.”

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed instead of *herd*, the

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd  
 Further than seen, and one infect another  
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
 From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!  
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge  
 home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
 And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;  
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,  
 and the Fight is renewed. The Volces retire into  
 Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.]*

1 SOL. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 SOL. Nor I.

3 SOL. See, they have shut him in.

*[Alarum continues.]*

ALL. To the pot I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,  
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus  
 in the modern editions:

“You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues  
 “Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.



Clapp'd-to their gates ; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

LART.

O noble fellow !

Who, sensible, outdares<sup>8</sup> his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Mar-  
cius :

A carbuncle entire<sup>9</sup>, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes<sup>1</sup> ; but, with thy grim looks, and

<sup>8</sup> Who, sensible, outdares —] The old editions read :

“ Who *sensibly* out-dares——.”

Thirlby reads :

“ Who, *sensible*, *outdoes* his senseless sword.”

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

*Sensible* is here, having *sensation*. So before : “ I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger.” Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. MALONE.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293 :

“ Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them : and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse *sensible* of smart than the *senselesse* armour,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> A carbuncle entire, &c.] So, in *Othello* :

“ If heaven had made me such another woman,

“ Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

“ I'd not have ta'en it for her.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — Thou wast a soldier

Even to CATO'S WISH : not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes, &c.] In the old editions it was :

“ ——— *Calvus*' wish ——— : ”

Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice ; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*Calves* wish. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakespeare had in view : “ Martius, being there [before Corioli] at

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble<sup>2</sup>.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the  
Enemy.*

1 SOL.

Look, sir.

that time, running out of the campe with a few men after him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backs, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a *souldier* and a captaine to be; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with *the sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his countenance.*" North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder Cato "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not born till the year of Rome, 519, that is 253 years after the death of Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first Act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentic ancient copy. The substitution of *Calvus*, instead of *Cato's*, is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Cato's* wish; (So, in Beaumont's Masque, 1613:

"And what will *Juno's* Iris do for her?")

Again, in this play, edit. 1623:

"That Ancus Marcius *Numa's* daughter's son."

Omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calves*. See a subsequent passage in Act II. Sc. ult. in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — as if the world

Were feverous, and did tremble.] So, in Macbeth:

"—— some say, the earth

"Was feverous, and did shake." STEEVENS.

*LART.*

O 'tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain<sup>3</sup> alike.[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

## SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street.

*Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.*1 *ROM.* This will I carry to Rome.2 *ROM.* And I this.3 *ROM.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.**MAR.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours<sup>4</sup>At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them<sup>5</sup>, these base slaves,<sup>3</sup> — MAKE remain —] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.<sup>4</sup> — prize their HOURS —] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne stragglng here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies." STEEVENS.<sup>5</sup> — doublets that hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them,] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. MALONE.

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him :

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*LART.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*MAR.* Sir, praise me not :  
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*LART.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune<sup>6</sup>,  
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page !

*MAR.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

*LART.* Thou worthiest Marcius !—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind : Away.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> Than dangerous TO ME : To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,] The metre being  
here violated, I think we might safely read with Sir T. Hanmer  
(omitting the words—to me) :

“ Than dangerous : To Aufidius thus will I

“ Appear, and fight.

“ Now the fair goddess, Fortune,—” STEEVENS.

## SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own<sup>7</sup>;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
tering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

MESS. The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

MESS. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their  
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour<sup>8</sup>,  
And bring thy news so late?

<sup>7</sup> — The Roman gods,

Lead their successes as we wish our own;] i. e. *May* the Roman gods, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — CONFOUND an hour,] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—to *expend*. *Conterere tempus*. MALONE.

*MESS.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*COM.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !  
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*MAR.* Come I too late ?

*COM.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man<sup>9</sup>.

*MAR.* Come I too late ?

*COM.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. III. :

" He did *confound* the best part of an hour," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> From every meaner MAN'S.] [Old copy—meaner *man*.]  
That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology  
is found in many places in these plays ; and as the peculiarities of  
our author, or rather the language of his age ought to be scrupulously  
attended to, Hanmer and the subsequent editors who read here—every  
meaner *man's*, ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we  
should now write so.

So, in Cymbeline :

" Thersites body is as good as Ajax,

" When neither are alive."

Again, in Timon :

" Friend or brother,

" He forfeits his own life that spills another." MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many corresponding offences  
against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age,  
I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as in  
the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish  
of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall forbear to set  
nonsense before my readers ; especially when it can be avoided by  
the insertion of a single letter, which indeed might have dropped  
out at the press. STEEVENS.

MAR. O! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward<sup>1</sup>.

COM. Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying<sup>2</sup>, threat'ning the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
think——

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius,  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

<sup>1</sup> —to BEDWARD.] So, in Albumazar, 1615:

“Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: “Leaping, upon a full stomach, or *to bedward*, is very dangerous.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, sign. G. 1: “They doused also, lest so soon as their backs were turned to the *courtward*, and that they had given over the dealings in the affairs, there would come in infinite complaints.” REED.

<sup>2</sup> Ransoming him, or PITYING,] i. e. remitting his ransom.

JOHNSON.

MAR. How lies their battle ? Know you on which side <sup>3</sup>

They have plac'd their men of trust ?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates <sup>4</sup>,  
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope <sup>5</sup>.

MAR. I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present <sup>6</sup> ; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd <sup>7</sup>, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

<sup>3</sup> — on which side, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch :

“ Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Antiates,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans* ; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove—*Antiates* to be the proper reading :

“ Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates*.”

Our author employs—*Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written—*Antiat*s. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Their very heart of hope.] The same expression is found in Marlow's Lust's Dominion :

“ ——— thy desperate arm

“ Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope*.”

MALONE.

In King Henry IV. Part I. we have :

“ The very bottom and *the soul of hope*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And that you not DELAY the present ;] *Delay*, for *let slip*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — swords advanc'd,] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.





Shall bear<sup>9</sup> the business in some other sight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd<sup>1</sup>.

COM. March on, my fellows :  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest  
Shall bear, &c.] The old copy—I must select *from all*. I  
have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer in the omission of words ap-  
parently needless and redundant. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — Please you to march ;  
And *four* shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd] I cannot but suspect this pas-  
sage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might se-  
lect those that were *best inclin'd*? How would their inclinations  
be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Per-  
haps we may read :

“ — Please you to march ;

“ And *fear* shall quickly draw out my command,

“ Which men are *least* inclin'd.”

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be  
changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear  
which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote :

“ And *so* I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient read-  
ing. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered  
to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of  
them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that  
he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the  
drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity.  
The old translation of Plutarch only says : “ Wherefore, with  
those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out  
of the cittie.” STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four per-  
sons to select for his particular command *or party*, those who  
were best inclined ; and in order to save time, he proposes to  
have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They  
all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those  
who are to go on that particular service. M. MASON.

## SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

*TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*LART.* So, let the ports <sup>2</sup> be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch Those centuries <sup>3</sup> to our aid: the rest will serve For a short holding: If we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

*LIEU.* Fear not our care, sir.

*LART.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*MAR.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*AUF.* We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

<sup>2</sup> — the PORTS —] i. e. the gates. So, in Timon of Athens: "Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Those CENTURIES —] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply—a *hundred*; as in Cymbeline:

"And on it said a *century* of prayers." STEEVENS.

More than thy fame and envy<sup>4</sup>: Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after<sup>5</sup>!

AUF. If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls<sup>6</sup>,  
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> — thy fame and ENVY:] *Envy* here, as in many other places, means *malice*. See vol. v. p. 108, n. 9. MALONE.

The phrase—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than—*honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean—*detested or odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *hate*. Or the construction may be—'Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame.' STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Let the first budger die the other's slave,

And the gods doom him after!] So, in *Macbeth*:

"And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold, Enough!"

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Within these three hours, TULLUS,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,] If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Wert thou the Hector,

That was the WHIP of your bragg'd progeny,] The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, he has the *whip-hand*, for he has the *advantage*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possessed of*." MALONE.

*Whip* might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any

Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds<sup>8</sup>.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

## SCENE IX.

### The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.*

COM. If I should tell thee<sup>9</sup> o'er this thy day's work,

thing peculiarly boasted of; as—the *crack* house in the county—the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —you have sham'd me

In your CONDEMNED seconds.] For *condemned*, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise*. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, “You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must *condemn* as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?” Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*: but the latter is right. So, King Lear: “No *seconds*? all myself?”

STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play:

“Now prove good *seconds*!” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> If I should tell thee, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “There the consul Cominius going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddes for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he himselfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken



When she does praise me, grieves me. I have  
done,

As you have done ; that's what I can ; induc'd

As you have been ; that's for my country<sup>4</sup> :

He, that has but effected his good will,

Hath overta'en mine act<sup>5</sup>.

COM.

You shall not be

The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know

The value of her own : 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings ; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done<sup>6</sup>,) before our army hear me.

MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

COM.

Should they not<sup>7</sup>,

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of  
all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,

<sup>3</sup> — a charter to extol —] A privilege to praise her own son.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — that's for my COUNTRY :] The latter word is used here,  
as in other places, as a trisyllable. See vol. iv. p. 31, and p. 137.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> He, that hath but effected his good will,

Hath OVERTA'EN mine ACT.] That is, has done as much as  
I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that  
I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd.

So, in Macbeth :

“ The flighty *purpose* never is o'ertook,

“ Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — NOT TO REWARD

What you have done,)] So, in Macbeth :

“ To herald thee into his sight, *not pay thee*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Should they not,] That is, *not be remembered*. JOHNSON.

We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general ;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS !  
MARCIUS ! cast up their Caps and Lances :  
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

MAR. May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets  
shall<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — When drums and trumpets shall, &c.] In the old copy:

“ ——— when drums and trumpets shall

“ I' the field, prove flatterers, let *courts and cities* be

“ Made *all* of false-fac'd soothing.

“ When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

“ Let *him* be made an overture for the wars—— : ”

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus :

“ ——— when drums and trumpets shall

“ I' th' field prove flatterers, let *camps, as cities,*

“ Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *hymns* be made

“ An overture for the wars ! ”——

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When the steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps* ; and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton ; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only



I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows  
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made  
 An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,

I mean to consider, instead of *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymus* ; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words :

“ ——— when steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars ! ”

The sense will then be apt and complete. When *steel* grows soft as *silk*, let armour be made of *silk* instead of *steel*.

TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter ; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scaevola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation :

Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus : “ An overturning ; a sudden change.” The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*. So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“ Shall we go throw away our *coats of steel*,

“ And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns ? ”

Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in Romeo and Juliet :

“ Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

“ And in my temper *soften'd valour's steel*.”

*Overture*, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland.

So, in Twelfth Night, vol. xi. p. 371 : Viola says : “ I bring no *overture* of war.” MALONE.

Here's many else have done,—you shout \* me forth  
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;  
 As if I loved my little should be dieted  
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

COM.

Too modest are you ;  
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly : by your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
 For what he did before Corioli, call him <sup>9</sup>,  
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS <sup>1</sup>.—

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

COR. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—  
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,

\* First folio, *shoot*.

<sup>9</sup> For what he did, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch :  
 “ After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them : but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—] The folio—“ Marcus Caius Coriolanus.” STEEVENS.

To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power<sup>2</sup>.

COM. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best<sup>3</sup>, with whom we may articulate<sup>4</sup>,  
For their own good, and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

COR. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house<sup>5</sup> ; he us'd me kindly :

<sup>2</sup> TO UNDERCREST YOUR GOOD ADDITION,

To the fairness of my power.] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest ; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair* ; *fairness* may therefore be *equality* ; *in proportion equal to my power*.

JOHNSON.

“ To the fairness of my power,”—is, as fairly as I can.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> The best,] The *chief* men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — with whom we may ARTICULATE,] i. e. *enter into articles*. This word occurs again in King Henry IV. Act V. Sc. I. :

“ Indeed these things you have *articulated*.”  
i. e. set down *article by article*. So, in Holinshed's Chronicles of Ireland, p. 163 : “ The earl of Desmond's treason's *articulated*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> At a poor man's house ;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing be-

He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*COM.* O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind<sup>6</sup>. Deliver him, Titus.

*LART.* Marcius, his name ?

*COR.* By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here ?

*COM.* Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time

It should be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,  
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

*AUF.* The town is ta'en !

*1 SOL.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condi-  
tion.

*AUF.* Condition !—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volce, be that I am<sup>7</sup>.—Condition !

fore in great wealthe in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies : and yet notwithstanding all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one daunger : to keepe him from being solde as a slaue." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — free, as is the wind.] So, in *As You Like It* :

" — I must have *liberty*,

" Withal, as large a charter *as the wind*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Being a VOLCE, &c.] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have

What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard<sup>8</sup>,  
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where<sup>9</sup>  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some  
way<sup>1</sup>;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *SOL.* He's the devil.

*AUF.* Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
poison'd<sup>2</sup>,

changed to the modern termination [Volcian]. I mention it here,  
because here the change has spoiled the measure:

“Being a *Volce*, be that I am.—Condition!” JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch,  
and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — meet him BEARD TO BEARD,] So, in Macbeth:

“We might have met them dareful, *beard to beard* —.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — for WHERE —] *Where* is used here, as in many other  
places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — I'll POTCH at him some way;] Mr. Heath reads—*poach*;  
but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is  
used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*.

STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders “to *poche*,” *fundum ex-  
plorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of  
this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

In Carew's Survey of Cornwall, the word *potch* is used in almost  
the same sense, p. 31: “They use also to *poche* them (fish) with  
an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare.” TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> — My valour's poison'd, &c.] The construction of this pas-  
sage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

“—— my *valour* poison'd

“With only suffering stain by him, for him

“Shall fly out of itself.” TYRWHITT.

With only suffering stain by him ; for him  
Shall fly out of itself <sup>3</sup> : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury <sup>4</sup>, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard <sup>5</sup>, even there  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the  
city ;  
Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear ; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text :—

“ — my valour's poison'd ;

“ Which only suffering stain by him, for him

“ Shall fly out of itself.” M. MASON.

3 \_\_\_\_\_ for him

Shall fly out of itself:] To mischief him, my valour should  
*deviate from* its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.

EMBARQUEMENTS all of fury, &c.] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find—

“ To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.*

“An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement.*”

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has “to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon.” There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*; but Shakspeare’s word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

5 At home, UPON my brother's guard,] In my own house, with  
my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“—— and on the court of guard ——.” STEEVENS.

1 *SOL.* Will not you go ?

*AVF.* I am attended<sup>6</sup> at the cypress grove : I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills<sup>7</sup>;) bring me word thither  
How the world goes ; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

1 *SOL.*

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> — attended —] i. e. waited for. So, in *Twelfth-Night* :  
“ — thy interceptor—*attends* thee at the orchard end.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ('Tis south the city MILLS,)] But where could Shakspeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium ? I believe we ought to read :

“ ('Tis south the city a *mile*.)”

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and Menenius of *graves in the holy churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell* ; and *drums*, and *Hob*, and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — underneath the *grove of sycamore*,

“ That *westward* rooteth from the *city's* side.”

Again :

“ It was the nightingale and not the lark —

“ — Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree*.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, “ where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium ? ” may be answered by another question : Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy ?

“ And as I ride upon this flode,

“ On eche syde many a *mylle* stode,

“ When nede was their graine and corne to grinde,” &c.

*Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555. MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. A Publick Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*MEN.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*BRU.* Good, or bad ?

*MEN.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*SIC.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*MEN.* Pray you, who does the wolf love <sup>8</sup> ?

*SIC.* The lamb.

*MEN.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*BRU.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*MEN.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*BOTH TRIB.* Well, sir.

*MEN.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in <sup>9</sup>, that you two have not in abundance ?

<sup>8</sup> Pray you, &c.] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that "even beasts know their friends," Menenius asks, "whom does the wolf love?" implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> In what enormity is Marcius poor *IN*,] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology ; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain ; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by authority, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspeare should have advanced a phraseology of his own, in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.



*BRU.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*SIC.* Especially, in pride.

*BRU.* And topping all others in boasting.

*MEN.* This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

*BOTH TRIB.* Why, how are we censured?

*MEN.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*BOTH TRIB.* Well, well, sir, well.

*MEN.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*BRU.* We do it not alone, sir.

*MEN.* I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks<sup>1</sup>, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*BRU.* What then, sir?

*MEN.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome<sup>2</sup>.

As, on the present occasion, the word—*in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. STEEVENS.

See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, vol. vi. p. 70, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — towards the napes of your necks.] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — a brace of unmeriting,—magistrates,—as any in Rome.]

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*MEN.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't<sup>3</sup>; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night<sup>4</sup>, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say<sup>5</sup>, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of

This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome: and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — with not a drop of ALLAYING TYBER in't;] Lovelace, in his Verses to Althea from Prison, has borrowed this expression:

“When flowing cups run swiftly round,

“With no *allaying* *Thames*,” &c.

See Dr. Percy's Reliques, &c. vol. ii. p. 324, 3d edit.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — one that converses more, &c.] Rather a late *lie* down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors of this day*; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.” Again, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*:

“—— Thou art a summer bird,

“Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings

“The lifting up of day.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — I CANNOT say,] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

my microcosm<sup>6</sup>, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities<sup>7</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*BRU.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*MEN.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs<sup>8</sup>; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon<sup>9</sup>, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience<sup>1</sup>; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*BRU.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

<sup>6</sup> — my microcosm,] So, in King Lear:

“Strives, in his *little world of men*—,”

*Microcosmos* is the title of a poem by John Davies, of Hereford, 4to. 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — BISSON conspectuities,] *Bisson*, blind, in the old copies, is *beesome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in Hamlet:

“Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,

“With *bisson* rheum.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — for poor knaves' caps and legs:] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. To make a leg was the phrase of our author's time for a bow, and it is still used in ludicrous language. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — set up the bloody flag against all patience;] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

*MEN.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are<sup>2</sup>. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians<sup>3</sup>; I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the Scene.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*VOL.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*MEN.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*VOL.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*MEN.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee<sup>4</sup>:—

Hoo! Marcius coming home!

<sup>2</sup> Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — herdsmen of—plebeians:] As kings are called ποιμένες λέων. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:] Dr. Warburton proposed to read—"Take my *cup*, Jupiter."— REED.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play,

*TWO LADIES.* Nay, 'tis true.

*VOL.* Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*MEN.* I will make my very house reel to-night :—A letter for me ?

*VIR.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

*MEN.* A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>5</sup> is but empiricutick<sup>6</sup>, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

*VIR.* O, no, no, no.

*VOL.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*MEN.* So do I too, if it be not too much :—Brings 'a victory in his pocket ?—The wounds become him.

*VOL.* On's brows, Menenius<sup>7</sup> : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — in Galen —] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished Anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord, 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

<sup>6</sup> — empiricutick,] The old copies—*empirickcutique*. 'The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutick* : ' an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empirick* (*empirique*, Fr.) a quack. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> On's brows, Menenius:] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius ; " On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland," 'for,' says the commentator, 'it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows.' In Julius Cæsar we find a dialogue exactly similar :

*MEN.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*OL.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*MEN.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this<sup>s</sup>?

*VOL.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*VIL.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*MEN.* Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*VR.* The gods grant them true!

“*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate

“To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?

“*Cin.* I am glad on't.”

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words, —“The wounds become him.” Menenius had asked—‘Brings he victory in his *pocket*? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*, for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory.’ So, afterwards:

“He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,

“Was *brow-bound* with the *oak*.”

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shaksperian, the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — POSSESSED of this?] *Possessed*, in our author's language, is, *fully informed*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose—.”

STEEVENS.

*VOL.* True? pow, wow.

*MEN.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*VOL.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*MEN.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know<sup>9</sup>.

*VOL.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*MEN.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*VOL.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines<sup>1</sup>; and then men die.

<sup>9</sup> —seven hurts, &c.] Old copy—"seven hurts i' the body."

*Men.* "One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh;—there's nine that I know. Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second one, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of too. WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: 'Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more, there are nine that I know of.'

UPTON.

<sup>1</sup> Which being advanc'd declines;] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*HER.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did  
fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honour follows, Coriolanus<sup>2</sup>:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*

*ALL.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*COR.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
Pray now, no more.

*COM.* Look, sir, your mother,—

*COR.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

*VOL.* Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
But O, thy wife——

*COR.* My gracious silence, hail<sup>3</sup>!

<sup>2</sup> — Coriolanus:] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus*.  
STEEVENS.

The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally transposed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> My gracious silence, hail!] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.



Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*MEN.* Now the gods crown thee!

*COR.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.  
[*To VALERIA.*

*VOL.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

*MEN.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

By “my gracious silence,” I believe the poet meant, ‘thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!’ So, Crashaw:

“Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

“Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in *Love's Cure*, or the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“A lady's tears are silent orators,

“Or should be so at least, to move beyond

“The honey-tongued rhetorician.”

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!

“Sweet silent rhetorick of perswading eyes!

“Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

“More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe, “My gracious silence,” only means ‘My beauteous silence,’ or ‘my silent Grace.’ *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“But being season'd with a *gracious* voice.”

Again, in *King John*:

“There was not such a *gracious* creature born.”

Again, in *Marston's Malcontent*, 1604: —“he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeeking of skinnnes, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight.” MALONE.

And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy : Wel-  
come :

A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,  
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of  
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :  
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever <sup>4</sup>.

HER. Give way there, and go on.

COR. Your hand, and yours :  
[To his Wife and Mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited ;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours <sup>5</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.]

Rather, I think :

“ Com. Ever right, Menenius.

“ Cor. Ever, ever.”

Cominius means to say, that—‘ Menenius is always the same ;  
—retains his old humour.’ So, in Julius Cæsar, Act V. Sc. I.  
upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says—‘ Old Cassius  
still.’ TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe Co-  
riolanus means to say—‘ Menenius is still the same affectionate  
friend as formerly.’ So, in Julius Cæsar : “—for *always* I am  
Cæsar.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> But with them CHANGE of honours.] So all the editions read,  
But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute  
*charge*. For *change*, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and  
communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have told the  
plain truth, and confessed that it communicated none at all to him.  
However it has a very good one in itself ; and signifies *variety*  
of honours ; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that  
time, signified *variety of rayment*. WARBURTON.

VOL.

I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,  
 And the buildings of my fancy: only there  
 Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but  
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR.

Know, good mother,  
 I had rather be their servant in my way,  
 Than sway with them in theirs.

COM.

On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
 sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse  
 Into a rapture<sup>6</sup> lets her baby cry

*Change of raiment* is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Into a RAPTURE —] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.

WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture* means a *fit*; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. The emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will “cry itself into fits,” is still a common phrase among nurses.

That the words *fit* and *rapture*, were once synonymous, may be inferred from the following passage in *The Hospital for London's Follies*, 1602, where Gossip Luce says: “Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you take not good heed.

STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings*:

“—her brainsick *raptures*

“Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel.”

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any Dictionary previous to Cole's *Latin Dictionary*, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule—“*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*”—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words.

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin <sup>7</sup> pins  
Her richest lockram <sup>8</sup> 'bout her reechy neck <sup>9</sup>,

Had we *all* the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — the kitchen MALKIN —] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up : thence a dirty wench.

HANMER.

*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens : a scare crow. P.

*Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary) ; as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a hare. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a cat. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess* : the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it “an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes.” The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his Dictionary—“MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,”—is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, a *scullion* ; another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*.

MALONE.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and Maid Marian was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in Monsieur Thomas :

“Put on the shape of order and humanity,

“Or you must marry *Malkyn*, the *May-Lady*.”

*Maux*, a corruption of *malkin*, is a low term, still current in several counties, and always indicative of a coarse vulgar wench.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Her richest LOCKRAM, &c.] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says :

“His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue.”

Again, in The Spanish Curate of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says :

“I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,

“That there be no straight dealings in their linnens.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,

“I had no wit.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — her REECHY neck,] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. So, in



Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god <sup>4</sup>, who leads him,  
Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*SIC.* On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

*BRU.* Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

*SIC.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end <sup>5</sup>; but will  
Lose those that he hath won.

Again, in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence :

" ——— the lillies

" *Contending with the roses* in her cheek." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis :

" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,

" How *white* and *red* each other did destroy." MALONE.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner :

" ——— her cheeks,

" Where roses mix : no civil war

" Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> As if that whatsoever god,] That is, "as if that god who  
leads him, whatsoever *god* he be. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet :

" Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,

" Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

" ——— he hath fought to-day,

" As if a god in hate of mankind had

" Destroy'd in such a shape." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> From where he should begin, AND end;] Perhaps it should  
be read :

" From where he should begin *t'an* end. JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin *to where he should end*. The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the spot *where he should begin*, and to the spot where he should *end*. I have no doubt that the text is right.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in Cymbeline, where we find exactly the same phraseology :

*BRU.* In that there's comfort.

*SIC.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make as little question  
As he is proud to do't <sup>6</sup>.

*BRU.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture <sup>7</sup> of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*SIC.* 'Tis right.

*BRU.* It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*SIC.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*BRU.* 'Tis most like, he will.

" ————— the gap

" That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*

" *And our return, to excuse.*"

where the modern editors read—*Till* our return. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> As he is PROUD to do't.] *Proud to do*, is the same as, *proud of doing*. JOHNSON.

*As* means here, as *that*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The NAPLESS vesture —] The players read—the *Naples*—.

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakespeare means *thread-bare*. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:  
"Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new *nap* upon it. John. So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare*."

Plutarch's words are "with a *poore* gowne on their backs'." See p. 86, n. 1. MALONE.

*SIC.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;  
A sure destruction <sup>8</sup>.

*BRU.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people <sup>9</sup>, in what hatred  
He still hath held them ; that, to his power <sup>1</sup>, he  
would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproportioned their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war <sup>2</sup> ; who have their pro-  
vand <sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> It shall be to him then, as our good WILLs ;

A sure destruction.] This should be written *will's*, for *will is*.  
TYRWHITT.

It should be to him of the same nature as our dispositions to-  
wards him ; *deadly*. MALONE.

Neither Malone nor Tyrwhitt have justly explained this passage.  
The word—*wills* is here a verb ; and as our “ *good wills* ” means,  
“ as our advantage ” requires. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — SUGGEST the people,] i. e. *prompt* them. So, in King  
Richard II. :

“ *Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries.”

The verb—to *suggest*, has, in our author, many different shades  
of meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — to his power,] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost  
of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,

Than camels in THEIR WAR ;] In what war ? Camels are  
mere beasts of burthen, and are never used in war.—We should  
certainly read :

“ As camels in their *way*.” M. MASON.

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Bru-  
tus means to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless  
expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would  
read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*, however, may stand, and signify  
the war undertaken for the sake of the people.

Mr. M. Mason, however, is not correct in the assertion with  
which his note begins ; for we are told by Aristotle, that shoes  
were put upon *camels* in the *time of war*. See Hist. Anim. ii. 6.  
p. 165, edit. Scaligeri. STEEVENS.



Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people<sup>4</sup>, (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire<sup>5</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*BRU.*

What's the matter?

*Their war* may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *the war*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — their PROVAND —] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors [Mr. Malone excepted] read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's Chronicle, edit. 1615, p. 737: "— the *provaunte* was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke." Again: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in Sir Walter Raleigh's Works, 1751, vol. ii. p. 229. Again, in Hakewil on the Providence of God, p. 118, or lib. ii. c. vii. sect. i.: "— At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hatchets," &c. Again, in Pasquill's Nightcap, &c. 1623:

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,

"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, *provender*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Shall TEACH the people,] Thus the old copy. "When his soaring insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean—"When he with the insolence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think, without necessity,—shall *reach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly sense, unless it means—"instruct the people in favour of our purposes."

I strongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — will be HIS fire —] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves<sup>6</sup>,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Brv.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time<sup>7</sup>,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. The Capitol.

*Enter Two Officers<sup>8</sup>, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

<sup>6</sup> To hear him speak: THE matrons flung THEIR gloves,] The words—*The* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse.

STEEVENS.

“Matrons flung gloves—

“Ladies—their scarfs—” Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove “upon him as he pass'd.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — carry with us ears and eyes, &c.] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

2 *OFF.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *OFF.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *OFF.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *OFF.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved<sup>9</sup> indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite<sup>1</sup>. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

1 *OFF.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those<sup>2</sup>, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted<sup>3</sup>, without any further deed

<sup>8</sup> *Enter two Officers, &c.]* The old copy reads : " Enter two officers to lay cushions, *as it were*, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capitol could be given. See *The Account of our old Theatres*, vol. iii. MALONE.

In the same place, the reader will find this position controverted.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — he waved —] That is, " he would have waved indifferently." JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — their OPPOSITE.] That is, their adversary. See vol. ix. p. 129, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — as those.] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *OFF.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*MEN.* Having determin'd of the Volces, and

<sup>3</sup> — supple and courteous to the people, BONNETTED, &c.] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academick style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

“ — who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to *have* them at all *into* their estimation and report : ” I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have*, in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *heave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them*, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh ; but to *heave themselves*, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

I continue to read—*heave*. *Have*, in King Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. II. was likewise printed instead of *heave*, in the first folio, though corrected in the second. The phrase in question occurs in Hayward : “ The Scots *heaved up into* high hope of victory,” &c. Many instances of Shakspeare's attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occasion. STEEVENS.

The supposed correction in King Henry VIII. is not admitted in this edition. BOSWELL.

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please  
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom  
We meet here, both to thank <sup>4</sup>, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

1 *SEN.* Speak, good Cominius:  
 Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,  
 Rather our state's defective for requital,  
 Than we to stretch it out<sup>5</sup>. Masters o' the people,  
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
 Your loving motion toward the common body<sup>6</sup>,  
 To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts

4 \_\_\_\_\_ whom

We meet here, both to thank, &c.] The construction, I think is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpose of thanking whom) we met or assembled here. MALONE.

5 — and made us think.

Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, 'And make us imagine that the state rather wants inclination or ability to requite services, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more simple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his services. MALONE.

The plain sense, I believe, is :—Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Your loving motion toward the common body,] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly <sup>7</sup>.

*BRU.* Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*MEN.* That's off, that's off <sup>8</sup> ;  
I would you rather had been silent : Please you  
To hear Cominius speak ?

*BRU.* Most willingly :  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*MEN.* He loves your people ;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place,  
[*CORIO LANUS rises, and offers to go away.*]

*1 SEN.* Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*COR.* Your honours' pardon ;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

<sup>7</sup> The theme of *OUR* assembly.] Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors ; but as it affects only his knowledge of history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the Lex Attinia, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiæ Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus,) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now convinced that Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this scene without violence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius being necessary, it would not have been difficult to exhibit both the outside and inside of the Senate-house in a manner sufficiently consonant to theatrical probability. STEEVENS.

See p. 77. n. 8. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> That's off, that's off ;] That is, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

BRU.

Sir, I hope,

My words dis-bench'd you not.

COR.

No, sir : yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not<sup>9</sup> : But, your  
people,

I love them as they weigh.

MEN.

Pray now, sit down.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun<sup>1</sup>,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit

To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*]

MEN.

Masters o' the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter<sup>2</sup>,(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now  
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,

'Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-  
nius.

COR. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome<sup>3</sup>, he fought

<sup>9</sup> You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not :] You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—Mr. Pope, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — have one scratch my head i'th sun,] See Henry VI. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — how can he flatter,] The reasoning of Menenius is this : How can he be expected to practice flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> When Tarquin made a head for Rome,] When Tarquin who had been expelled, *raised a power* to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in

Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin <sup>4</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him : he bestrid  
 An o'er press'd Roman <sup>5</sup>, and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee <sup>6</sup> : in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene <sup>7</sup>,

his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republic.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — his Amazonian CHIN —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read—*shinne*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — he BESTRID

An o'er-press'd Roman,] This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies : but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words : "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been : "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also p. 80, n. 7. MALONE.

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable than any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle ? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaspists*,) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And struck him on his knee :] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him *to fall on his knee* :

——ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> When he might act the woman in the scene,] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in





And fell below his stem<sup>1</sup> : his sword (death's stamp)  
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot

<sup>1</sup> — as WEEDS before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

And fell below his STEM:] The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *sir* Coriolanus, for "*sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting* : but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" — there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

" Fall down before him, like the mower's swath." MALONE.

*Waves*, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of *falling below* a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submersion of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes* ; but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,

" Bounding between the two moist elements,

" Like Perseus' horse."

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of Virgil :

" Orontes' bark —

" From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne."

STEEVENS.

*Weeds* is used to signify the comparative feebleness of Coriolanus's adversaries. BOSWELL.

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries <sup>2</sup> : alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate <sup>3</sup> o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny <sup>4</sup>, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet <sup>5</sup> : Now all's his :  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he ; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

MEN.

Worthy man !

<sup>2</sup> — his sword, &c ] Old copy :

“ — His sword, death's stamp,

“ Where it did mark, it took from face to foot,

“ He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

“ Was tim'd with dying cries.”

This passage should be pointed thus :

“ — His sword (death's stamp)

“ Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot

“ He was a thing of blood,” &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

“ — every motion

“ Was tim'd with dying cries.” The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> The mortal gate — ] The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> With shunless DESTINY ; ] The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice :

“ With shunless *defamy*.”

*Defamie* is an old French word signifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.  
 It occurs often in John Bale's English Votaries, 1550.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — struck

Corioli, like a PLANET : ] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Be as a *planetary* plague, when Jove

“ Will o'er some high vic'd city hang his poison

“ In the sick air.” STEEVENS.

1 *SEN.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours<sup>6</sup>

Which we devise him.

*COM.* Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world : he covets less  
Than misery itself would give<sup>7</sup> ; rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it<sup>8</sup>.

*MEN.* He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

1 *SEN.* Call Coriolanus<sup>9</sup>.

*OFF.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*MEN.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*COR.* I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

*MEN.* It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> He cannot but with measure fit the honours —] That is, no honour will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Than MISERY itself would give ;] *Misery* for avarice ; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — and is content

To spend the time, to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus :

“ — *he* rewards

“ His deeds with doing them, and is content

“ To spend his time, to *spend* it.”

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them ; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning without any alteration.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Call FOR Coriolanus.] I have supplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> It then remains,

That you do speak to the people.] Coriolanus was banished

*COR.* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot  
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please  
 you,  
 That I may pass this doing.

*SIC.* Sir, the people  
 Must have their voices ; neither will they bate  
 One jot of ceremony.

*MEN.* Put them not to't :—  
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom : and  
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
 Your honour with your form<sup>2</sup>.

*COR.* It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
 Be taken from the people.

U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls : And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy ; he sets the balance even in his Timon, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance ; it sometimes proceeded from the two powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his *Life of Coriolanus*, that “it was the custome of Rome *at that time*, that such as dyd sue for *any* office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election*.” North's translation, p. 244. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Your honour with *YOUR* form.] I believe we should read—  
 “Your honour with *the* form.”—That is the usual form.

M. MASON.

Your form may mean the form which custom prescribes to you.

STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Mark you that ?

*COR.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus ;—

Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only :—

*MEN.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them<sup>3</sup> ;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*SEN.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

*BRU.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*SIC.* May they perceive his intent ! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*BRU.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,  
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them ;] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation ; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punctuation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense will be clear :

“ We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

“ Our purpose ;—to them, and to our noble consul,

“ Wish we all joy and honour.”

To *them*, means to the *people*, whom Menenius artfully joins to the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.

## SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

*Enter several Citizens.*

1 *CIT.* Once <sup>4</sup>, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *CIT.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *CIT.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do <sup>5</sup>: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *CIT.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn <sup>6</sup>, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude <sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Once,] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*. WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes*, by Gascoigne:

“*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“*Once* this, your long experience of her wisdom—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

“Use all thy *powers* that heavenly *power* to praise,

“That gave thee *power* to do.”—— JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — ONCE we stood up about the corn,] That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare

3 *CIT.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn<sup>8</sup>, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull<sup>9</sup>, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way<sup>1</sup> should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *CIT.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *CIT.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *CIT.* Why that way?

3 *CIT.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth

wished to allot to the Roman populace: "*Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—"for once, *when* we stood up, &c." MALONE.

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified—as soon as ever, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgment, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

7 — MANY HEADED multitude.] Hanmer reads, *many-headed* monster, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

8 — some AUBURN,] The folio reads, some *Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

9 — if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant.

WARBURTON.

To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — and their consent of one direct way —] See vol. xi. p. 92, n. 3. STEEVENS.



would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *CIT.* You are never without your tricks :—You may, you may<sup>2</sup>.

3 *CIT.* Are you all resolved to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars : wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*ALL.* Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

*MEN.* O sir, you are not right : have you not known

The worthiest men have done it ?

*COR.* What must I say ?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace :—Look, sir ;—my  
wounds ;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*MEN.* O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that ; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

<sup>2</sup> You may, you may.] This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—' You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expence,'—has occurred already in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" *Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

" *Pan.* Ay, *you may, you may.*" STEEVENS.

COR. Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them<sup>3</sup>.

MEN. You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner<sup>4</sup>. *Exit.*

*Enter Two Citizens.*

COR. Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace,

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 CIT. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
you to't.

COR. Mine own desert.

2 CIT. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not  
Mine own desire<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.] i. e. I wish they would  
forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines  
preach up to them, and lose by them as it were, by their neglect-  
ing the practice. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> In WHOLESOME manner.] So, in Hamlet: "If it shall please  
you to make me a *wholesome* answer." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — NOT

Mine own desire.] The old copy—but mine own desire.  
If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—with-  
out. STEEVENS.

*But* is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true read-  
ing. RITSON.

The answer of the Citizen fully supports the correction, which  
was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often  
confounded in these plays. See vol. vi. p. 379, n. 1.

In a passage in Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 369, from the  
reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy,  
I had suffered *not* to remain, and had endeavoured to explain the  
words as they stand in the folio; but I am now convinced  
that I ought to have printed as I have now done:

"By earth, she is *but* corporal; there you lie." MALONE.

1 *CIT.* How ! not your own desire ?

*COR.* No, sir :

'Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *CIT.* You must think, if we give you any  
thing,

We hope to gain by you.

*COR.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship ?

1 *CIT.* The price is, sir<sup>6</sup>, to ask it kindly.

*COR.* Kindly ?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to show  
you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
sir ;

What say you ?

2 *CIT.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*COR.* A match, sir :—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd :—

I have your alms ; adieu.

1 *CIT.* But this is something odd<sup>7</sup>.

2 *CIT.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [*Exeunt Two Citizens.*]

*Enter Two other Citizens.*

*COR.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune  
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here  
the customary gown.

3 *CIT.* You have deserved nobly of your country,  
and you have not deserved nobly.

<sup>6</sup> The price is, SIR, &c.] The word—*sir*, has been supplied by one of the modern editors to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> BUT this is something odd.] As this hemistich is too bulky to join with its predecessor, we may suppose our author to have written only—

“ This is something odd ; ”

and that the compositor's eye had caught—*But*, from the succeeding line. STEEVENS.

*COR.* Your enigma ?

3 *CIT.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*COR.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *CIT.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *CIT.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*COR.* I will not seal your knowledge <sup>8</sup> with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*BOTH CIT.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily !  
[*Exeunt.*]

*COR.* Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire <sup>9</sup> which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown <sup>1</sup> should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

<sup>8</sup> I will not SEAL your knowledge ] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — the HIRE — ] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another.  
MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — this woolvish GOWN — ] Signifies this *rough hirsute* gown. JOHNSON.

Their needless vouches<sup>2</sup>? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

‘Why in this *woolvish toge* should I stand here,'] So, in Othello, “the *toged* consuls.” I suppose the meaning is, ‘Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep’s clothing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition.’ I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression, —“a wolf in sheep’s clothing.” Mr. Mason says, that this is “a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such.” I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator’s remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard’s Legend of Cardinal Wolsey, Mirror for Magistrates, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us :

“O fye on *wolves* that march in *masking clothes*.”

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; and not in his real and natural character.

*Woolvish* cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in Othello, where we find “*tongued* consuls,” for *toged* consuls—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy.

MALONE.

The first folio reads—“this *wolvish tongue*.” *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, 'Why do I stand with a *tongue* deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity?' We might perhaps more distinctly read :

"with this *wolvish tongue*."

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglass," bl. l. no date. Howleglas hired himself to a tailor, who "caste unto him a husbnde mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut Howleglas the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant Coriolanus to compare the dress of a Roman candidate to the coarse frock of a ploughman, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the romance of Howleglas to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quere if it be called so in this country? it must be remembered that Howleglas is literally translated from the French where the word "loup" certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The French copy also may be *literally* rendered from the German. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right in supposing the allusion to be to the "wolf in sheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call himself a wolf; but merely to say, 'Why, should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature?' RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary voices? JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as

For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter Three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—  
 Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six<sup>3</sup>  
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more: your  
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *CIT.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *CIT.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*ALL.* Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*COR.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*MEN.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

in many other places he has attributed the customs,) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, in v. Quintaine, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time: "A Quintaine or Quintelle, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob, and Will, strive for the gay garland." MALONE.

Again, in an old equivocal English prophecy:

"The country gnuffs, Hob, Dick, and Hick,

"With staves and clouted shoon," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — battles thrice six, &c.] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

"—— battles thrice six

"I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices

"Done many things," &c. FARMER.

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,  
That, in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*COR.* Is this done ?

*SIC.* The custom of request you have discharg'd :  
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*COR.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

*SIC.* There, Coriolanus.

*COR.* May I <sup>4</sup> change these garments ?

*SIC.* You may, sir.

*COR.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself  
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*MEN.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

*BRU.* We stay here for the people.

*SIC.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*BRU.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*SIC.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this  
man ?

1 *CIT.* He has our voices, sir.

*BRU.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your  
loves.

2 *CIT.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *CIT.* Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right.

<sup>4</sup> May I THEN, &c.] *Then*, which is wanting in the old copy,  
was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer.



1 *CIT.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *CIT.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*SIC.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*CIT.* No ; no man saw 'em.  
[*Several speak.*]

3 *CIT.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul*, says he : *aged custom*<sup>5</sup>,

*But by your voices, will not so permit me ;*

*Your voices therefore : When we granted that,*

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

*Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,*

*I have no further with you :—Was not this mockery ?*

*SIC.* Why, either, you were ignorant to see't<sup>6</sup> ?

<sup>5</sup> — *aged custom*,] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government : for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be *of a certain prescribed age*, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 75, n. 4 ; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 81, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — ignorant to see't?] “ Were you *ignorant* to see it,” is, ‘ did you want knowledge to discern it ? ’ JOHNSON.

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices ?

*BRU.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving  
A place of potency<sup>7</sup>, and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you<sup>8</sup> for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*SIC.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*BRU.* Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in free contempt<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>7</sup> ——— arriving

A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. III. :

“ ——— those powers that the queen

“ Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Would think upon you —] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

When he did need your loves ; and do you think,  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*SIC.* Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,  
On him <sup>1</sup>, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues <sup>2</sup> ?

<sup>3</sup> *CIT.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

<sup>2</sup> *CIT.* And will deny him :  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

<sup>1</sup> *CIT.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
piece 'em.

*BRU.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those  
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*SIC.* Let them assemble ;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride <sup>3</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> — free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> On him,] Old copy—*of* him. STEEVENS

<sup>2</sup> Your su'd-for TONGUES ?] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make *suit* to you ; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — Enforce his pride,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

So afterwards :

“ *Enforce* him with his envy to the people—.”

STEEVENS.

And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance <sup>4</sup>,  
 Which most gibingly <sup>5</sup>, ungravely he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*BRU.*

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd  
 (No impediment between) but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.

*SIC.*

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided  
 By your own true affections : and that, your minds  
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do  
 Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

*BRU.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures  
 to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued : and what stock he springs of,  
 The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence  
 came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither ;  
 And Censorinus, darling of the people <sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> — his present PORTANCE,] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello* :  
 " And portance in my travels' history." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Which gibingly,] The old copy, redundantly :

" Which most gibingly," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And Censorinus, darling of the people,] This verse I have  
 supplied ; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as  
 will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's  
 Life of Coriolanus, from whence this passage is directly translated.

POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus : " The

And nobly nam'd so, being twice censor <sup>7</sup>,  
Was his great ancestor <sup>8</sup>.

*SIC.*

One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend

house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages : whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice.”—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcan waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed Cato, which he found in his Plutarch, to Calves, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 35. MALONE.

7 And nobly nam'd so, being CENSOR TWICE,] The old copy reads:—being *twice censor*; but for the sake of harmony, I have arranged these words as they stand in our author's original,—Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "— the people had chosen him *censor twice*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And Censorinus—

Was his great ancestor.] Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this : the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus ; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in The First Part of King Henry IV. where an account is given of the prisoners taken on the plains of Holmedon :

“ Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

“To beaten Douglas——.”

But the Earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland. He took his account from Holinshed, whose words are "And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas," &c. And he imagined that the Governor and Earl Douglas were one and the same person. **WARBURTON.**

To your remembrances : but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past <sup>9</sup>,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*BRU.* Say, you ne'er had don't,  
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on <sup>1</sup> :  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*CIT.* We will so : almost all [*Several speak.*  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*BRU.* Let them go on ;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger <sup>2</sup>.

*SIC.* To the Capitol :  
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the  
people <sup>3</sup> ;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> Scaling his present bearing with his past,] That is, *weighing*  
his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — by our PUTTING ON :] i. e. incitation. So, in K. Lear :

“ — you protect this course,

“ And *put it on* by your allowance.” STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — as *putter on*

“ Of these exactions——.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — observe and answer

The vantage of his anger.] Mark, catch, and improve the  
opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — the STREAM of the people ;] So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — The rich *stream*

“ Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

“ To a prepar'd place in the choir,” &c. MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street.

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*COR.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

*LART.* He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*COR.* So then the Volces stand but as at first ;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make  
road

Upon us again.

*COM.* They are worn, lord consul <sup>4</sup>, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*COR.* Saw you Aufidius ?

*LART.* On safe-guard he came to me <sup>5</sup> ; and did  
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

*COR.* Spoke he of me ?

*LART.* He did, my lord.

*COR.* How ? what ?

*LART.* How often he had met you, sword to  
sword :

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated

<sup>4</sup> — LORD consul,] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers ; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> On SAFE-GUARD he came to me ;] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he ?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home,  
[To LARTIUS.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise  
them ;

For they do prank them in authority <sup>6</sup>,  
Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

COR. Ha ! what is that ?

BRU. It will be dangerous to  
Go on : no further.

COR. What makes this change ?

MEN. The matter ?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the  
commons <sup>7</sup> ?

BRU. Cominius, no.

COR. Have I had children's voices ?

<sup>6</sup> — PRANK them in authority,] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. II. :

“ *Drest in a little brief authority.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons ?] The first folio reads : “ — *noble*,” and “ *common*.” The second has—*commons*. I have not hesitated to reform this passage on the authority of others in the play before us. Thus :

“ — the *nobles* bended

“ As to Jove's statue : — ”

“ — the *commons* made

“ A shower and thunder,” &c. STEEVENS.



**I SEN.** Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

**BRU.** The people are incens'd against him.

**SIC.**

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

**COR.**

Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are  
your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth <sup>8</sup> ?

Have you not set them on ?

**MEN.**

Be calm, be calm.

**COR.** It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility :  
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

**BRU.**

Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

**COR.** Why, this was known before.

**BRU.**

Not to them all.

**COR.** Have you inform'd them since <sup>9</sup> ?

**BRU.**

How ! I inform them !

**COR.** You are like to do such business <sup>1</sup>.

**BRU.**

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours <sup>2</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> — why rule you not their teeth ?] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — since ?] The old copy—*sithence*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> You are like to do such business, &c.] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Coriolanus by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ————— Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours, &c.] i. e. likely to provide better

*COR.* Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*SIC.* You show too much of that,  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*MEN.* Let's be calm.

*COM.* The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This  
palt'ring  
Becomes not Rome<sup>3</sup>; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely<sup>4</sup>  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*COR.* Tell me of corn!  
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

*MEN.* Not now, not now.

*I SEN.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*COR.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—

for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:

“Why then should I be consul?” *WARBURTON.*

<sup>3</sup> — This *PALT'RING*

Becomes not *ROME*;] That is, this trick of dissimulation;  
this shuffling:

“And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

“That *palt'ring* with us in a double sense.” *Macbeth.*

*JOHNSON.*

“Becomes not *Rome* ;” I would read :

“Becomes not *Romans* ;”

Coriolanus being accented on the *first*, and not the second  
syllable, in former instances. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> — rub, laid falsely, &c.] *Falsely*, for *treacherously*.

*JOHNSON,*

The metaphor is from the bowling-green. *MALONE.*

For the mutable, rank-scented many<sup>5</sup>, let them  
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
 Therein behold themselves<sup>6</sup>: I say again,  
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
 The cockle of rebellion<sup>7</sup>, insolence, sedition,  
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and  
                   scatter'd,  
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;  
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
 Which they have given to beggars.

*MEN.* Well, no more.

I *SEN.* No more words, we beseech you.

*COR.* How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels<sup>8</sup>,  
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
 The very way to catch them.

*BRU.* You speak o' the people,  
 As if you were a god to punish, not  
 A man of their infirmity.

<sup>5</sup> — many,] i. e. the populace. The Greeks used *οι πολλοι* exactly in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> — let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> The COCKLE of rebellion,] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it is given as follows : " Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people," &c. STEEVENS.

" The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition." Here are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's Plutarch :

" The cockle of insolvency and sedition." RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — meazels,] *Mesell* is used in Pierce Plowman's Vision, for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in The London Prodigal, 1605. STEEVENS.

*SIC.* 'Twere well,  
We let the people know't.

*MEN.* What, what? his choler?

*COR.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*SIC.* It is a mind,  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*COR.* Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows<sup>9</sup>? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*COM.* 'Twas from the canon<sup>1</sup>.

*COR.* *Shall!*  
O good, but most unwise patricians<sup>2</sup>, why,

<sup>9</sup> — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "——that base *minnow* of thy mirth—." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> 'Twas from the canon,] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right.

JOHNSON.

These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. Cominius means to say, "that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule," alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding:—and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> O GOOD, but most unwise patricians, &c.] The old copy has —O *God*, but, &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but *O God*, an adjuration surely not proper

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
 The horn and noise<sup>3</sup> o' the monsters, wants not  
 spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
 And make your channel his? If he have power,  
 Then vail your ignorance<sup>4</sup>: if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators: and they are no less,  
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste

in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "good but unwise," here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. These two words have been confounded elsewhere.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. III. 4to. 1609:

"Yet God Achilles still cries excellent."

On a reconsideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "by *God's* lid," the Greek Thersites exclaims—"God-a-mercy;" and that, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God* shield us!" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.—I lately met with a still more glaring instance of the same impropriety in another play of Shakspeare, but cannot, at this moment, ascertain it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> The horn and noise—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. Warburton.

<sup>4</sup> Then vail your ignorance:] "If this man has power, let the *ignorance* that gave it him *vail* or bow down before him."

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"Then *vail* your stomachs—."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——*vail* your regard

"Upon a wrong'd," &c. STEEVENS.

Most palates theirs <sup>5</sup>. They choose their magistrate ;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece ! By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base : and my soul akes <sup>6</sup>,  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

COM. Well—on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel <sup>7</sup>, to give forth

<sup>5</sup> — You are plebeians,  
If they be senators : and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs.] These lines may, I think, be made  
more intelligible by a very slight correction :

“ ——— they no less [than senators]

“ When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

“ *Must palate theirs.*”

When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, “ that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest,” &c. STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and my soul akes,] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> Whoever gave that counsel, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and persuaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they haue so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded : neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their

The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,——

*MEN.* Well, well, no more of that.

*COR.* (Though there the people had more absolute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*BRU.* Why, shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

*COR.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the  
corn

Was not our recompense ; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates<sup>s</sup> : this kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,

countrie : neither for their accusation which their flatterers have preferred vnto them, and they have recevued, and made good against the senate : but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse ; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it : yea, shall I say more ? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie." STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> They would not THREAD the gates:] That is, *pass* them.  
We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

So, in King Lear :

"——threading dark-ey'd night." STEEVENS.

All cause unborn, could never be the native<sup>9</sup>  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
 How shall this bosom multiplied<sup>1</sup> digest  
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*  
*We are the greater poll, and in true fear*  
*They gave us our demands:*—Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope  
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
 To peck the eagles.—

MEN. Come, enough<sup>2</sup>.

BRU. Enough, with over-measure.

COR. No, take more:  
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal<sup>3</sup>!—This double worship,—

<sup>9</sup> — could never be the NATIVE —] *Native*, for *natural* birth.

WARBURTON.

*Native* is here not *natural* birth, but *natural* parent, or cause of birth. JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in King Henry V.:

“A many of our bodies shall no doubt

“Find *native* graves.” MALONE.

I cannot agree with Johnson that *native* can possibly mean natural parent, or cause of birth; nor with Warburton, in supposing that it means natural birth; for if the word could bear that meaning, it would not be sense here, as Coriolanus is speaking not of the consequence, but the cause, of their donation. I should therefore read *motive* instead of *native*. Malone's quotation from King Henry V. is nothing to the purpose, as in that passage *native* graves, means evidently graves in their native soil.

M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — this bosom MULTIPLIED —] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Come, ENOUGH.] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of—*enough*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

Seal what I end withal!] The sense is, ‘No, let me add this further: and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.’



Where one part <sup>4</sup> does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wis-  
dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of't <sup>5</sup> ; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body <sup>6</sup> with a dangerous physick

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine ; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See *Brisson de formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> Where ONE part —] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See *King John*, Act III. Sc. III. MALONE.

This error occurs in the first scene of the present play, p. 5 : “ What authority surfeits *on* ;” is printed in the folio “ surfeits *one*.” BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> That love the fundamental part of state,

More than you DOUBT the change of't ;] *To doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, ‘ You whose zeal predominates over your terrors ; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. ’ JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> To JUMP a body —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read :

“ To *ramp*——.”

*To jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. “ To jump a body,” may therefore mean, ‘ to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. ’ Thus, *Lucretius*, III. 452—*quassatum est corpus*.

So, in *Phil. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History*, b. xxv. ch. v. p. 219 : “ If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe* or great hazard.” STEEVENS.

From this passage in *Pliny*, it should seem that “ to *jump* a body,” meant to *risk* a body ; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us.

That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison<sup>7</sup>: your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment<sup>8</sup>, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it<sup>9</sup>;  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

*BRU.*

He has said enough.

*SIC.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

*COR.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be met<sup>1</sup>,  
 And throw their power i' the dust.

So, in Macbeth:

“We'd *jump* the life to come.”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act. III. Sc. VIII.:

“—our fortune lies

“Upon this *jump*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison:] So, in Measure for Measure:

“Like rats that ravin up their proper bane—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Mangles true JUDGMENT,] *Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Of that INTEGRITY which should become it;] *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *befit*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Let what is meet, be said, it MUST BE meet,] Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

*BRU.* Manifest treason.

*SIC.* This a consul? no.

*BRU.* The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*SIC.* Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in  
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*COR.* Hence, old goat!

*SEN. & PAT.* We'll surety him.

*COM.* Aged sir, hands off.

*COR.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
bones

Out of thy garments<sup>2</sup>.

*SIC.* Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of  
Citizens.*

*MEN.* On both sides more respect.

*SIC.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*BRU.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*CIT.* Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 *SEN.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*CIT.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

*MEN.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

<sup>2</sup> — shake thy bones

Out of thy garments] So, in King John:

“ — here's a stay,

“ That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“ Out of his rags!” STEEVENS.

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience <sup>3</sup> :—  
 Speak, good Sicinius.

*SIC.* Hear me, people ;—Peace.

*CIT.* Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak,  
 speak, speak.

*SIC.* You are at point to lose your liberties :  
 Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,  
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*MEN.* Fye, fye, fye !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *SEN.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*SIC.* What is the city, but the people ?

*CIT.* True,

The people are the city.

*BRU.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
 The people's magistrates.

*CIT.* You so remain.

*MEN.* And so are like to do.

*COR.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;  
 To bring the roof to the foundation ;  
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

*SIC.* This deserves death.

*BRU.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
 Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,  
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
 Of present death.

<sup>3</sup> To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :] I would read :

“ *Speak* to the people.—Coriolanus, patience :—

“ *Speak*, good Sicinius. *TYRWITT.*

Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly :

“ Confusion's near,—I cannot. *Speak* you, tribunes,

“ *To the people.*”

He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was not able ; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request to Sicinius in particular. *M. MASON.*

I see no need of any alteration. *MALONE.*

*SIC.* Therefore, lay hold of him ;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*BRU.* Ædiles, seize him.

*CIT.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*MEN.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*ÆDI.* Peace, peace.

*MEN.* Be that you seem, truly your country's  
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*BRU.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous<sup>4</sup>  
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*COR.* No ; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*MEN.* Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, with-  
draw a while.

*BRU.* Lay hands upon him.

*MEN.* Help, Marcius ! help,  
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

*CIT.* Down with him, down with him !

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
the People, are all beat in.*]

*MEN.* Go, get you to your house<sup>5</sup> ; be gone,  
away,

All will be naught else.

2 *SEN.*

Get you gone.

<sup>4</sup> — very poisonous —] I read :

“ — are very *poisons*.” JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — get you to *YOUR* house ;] Old copy—*our* house. Cor-  
rected by Mr. Rowe. So below :

“ I prythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house.” MALONE.

*COR.* Stand fast <sup>6</sup> ;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

*MEN.* Shall it be put to that ?

*1 SEN.* The gods forbid !  
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*MEN.* For 'tis a sore upon us <sup>7</sup> ,  
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

*COM.* Come, sir, along with us.

*COR.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are  
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

*MEN.* Be gone <sup>8</sup> ;  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;  
One time will owe another <sup>9</sup> .

<sup>6</sup> Stand fast ; &c.] [Old copy—*Com.* *Stand fast*, &c.] This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus ; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after :

“ Come, sir, along with us.” *WARBURTON.*

<sup>7</sup> For, 'tis a sore UPON US,] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation.

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>8</sup> *Cor.* I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Be gone ; &c.] The beginning of this speech [attributed in the old copy to Menenius], I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Menenius :

“ Be gone ;

“ Put not your worthy rage,” &c. *TYRWHITT.*

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction.

*STEEVENS.*

The word *begone*, certainly belongs to Menenius, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away.—In the preceding page he says :

“ Go, get you to your house ; begone, away,—”

And in a few lines after, he repeats the same request :

“ Pray you, be gone ;

“ I'll try whether my old wit be in request

“ With those that have but little.” *M. MASON.*

<sup>9</sup> One time will owe another.] I know not whether to owe in

COR. On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

MEN. I could myself  
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two  
tribunes.

COM. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick ;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return<sup>1</sup> ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone :  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1 PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;

this place means to *possess by right* or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time* : or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt* : that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

I believe Menenius means, 'This time will owe us one more fortunate.' It is a common expression to say, 'This day is yours, the next may be mine.' M. MASON.

The meaning seems to be, 'One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will owe us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity.' MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Before the TAG return ?] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail*. JOHNSON.

And, being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*  
 Here's goodly work !

2 *PAT.* I would they were a-bed !

*MEN.* I would they were in Tyber !—What, the  
 vengeance,  
 Could he not speak them fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.*

*SIC.* Where is this viper,  
 That would depopulate the city, and  
 Be every man himself ?

*MEN.* You worthy tribunes,—

*SIC.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
 With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
 Than the severity of the publick power,  
 Which he so sets at nought.

1 *CIT.* He shall well know,  
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
 And we their hands.

*CIT.* He shall, sure on't<sup>2</sup>.

[*Several speak together.*

*MEN.* Sir, sir<sup>3</sup>,—

*SIC.* Peace.

*MEN.* Do not cry, havock<sup>4</sup>, where you should  
 but hunt  
 With modest warrant.

<sup>2</sup> He shall, sure on't.] Perhaps our author wrote—with reference to the foregoing speech :

“ He shall, *be* sure on't.”

i. e. be assured that he shall be taught the respect due to both the tribunes and the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Sir,] Old copy, redundantly—Sir, *sir*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Do not cry, HAVOCK, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.



*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Br.* He a consul!

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,  
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to <sup>5</sup> no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

"To cry havock" was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in King John :

"*Cry havock, kings.*"

And in Julius Cæsar :

"*Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.*"

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in The Ordinances des Battailles, 9 R. ii. art. 10 :

"Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la test coupe."

The second article of the same Ordinances seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price* :

"Item, que nul soit si hardy *de toucher* le corps de nostre Seigneur, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d'estre trainez et pendu, et le teste avoir coupe." MS. Cotton. Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.

Again : "For them that *crye hauoke*. Also that noo man be so hardy to *crye hauoke*, vpon payne of hym that so is founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and theyr bodyes to be punysshed at the kynges wyll." *Certaine Statutes and Ordenaunces of Warre made &c. by Henry the VIII.* bl. 1. 4to. empynted by R. Pynson, 1513. TODD.

<sup>5</sup> —shall TURN YOU to—] This singular expression occurs also in The Tempest :

"—— my heart bleeds

"To think o'the teen that I have *turn'd you to.*"

STEEVENS.

*SIC.* Speak briefly then ;  
 For we are peremptory, to despatch  
 This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
 Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
 Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,  
 He dies to-night.

*MEN.* Now the good gods forbid,  
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
 Towards her deserved children <sup>6</sup> is enroll'd  
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
 Should now eat up her own !

*SIC.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*MEN.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
 Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
 What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?  
 Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,  
 (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he  
                   hath,  
 By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :  
 And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
 Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
 A brand to the end o' the world.

*SIC.* This is clean kam <sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Towards her *DESERVED* children —] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*. So, in *Othello* :

“ If virtue no *delighted beauty* lack——.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> This is clean KAM.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *cambrel* for a *crooked stick*, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg.

WARBURTON.

The Welsh word for *crooked* is *kam* ; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage : “ But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn.”

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591 :

“ *Camocks* must be bowed with sleight, not strength.”

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil, 1582 :

*BRU.* Merely awry<sup>8</sup> : When he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*MEN.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was<sup>9</sup>.

*BRU.* We'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*MEN.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

“ The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled.”

STEEVENS.

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim*, *kam*, occur several times. Amongst others, take the following instance : “ All goes topsie turvy ; all *kim*, *kam* ; all is tricks and devices : all riddles and unknown mysteries.” P. 100. REED.

<sup>8</sup> Merely awry :] i. e. absolutely. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ We are *merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was ?] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by *Coriolanus's* apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes ; I have therefore given it to *Sicinius*. WARBURTON.

I have restored it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at the conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect sentence, gives it thus :

“ For what before it was ; — ” STEEVENS.

You alledge, says *Menenius*, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“ Is this just ?” *Menenius* would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him : and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood. MALONE.

*BRU.*

If it were so,—

*SIC.* What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—come :—

*MEN.* Consider this ;—He has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bouted language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him <sup>1</sup>  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

*I SEN.*

Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning <sup>2</sup>.

*SIC.*

Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer :—

Masters, lay down your weapons.

*BRU.*

Go not home.

*SIC.* Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend  
you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*MEN.*

I'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]

He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

*I SEN.*

Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> — to bring him —] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the MS. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the end of it

Unknown to the beginning.] So, in *The Tempest*, Act II. Sc. I. : "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning." STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

A Room in CORIOLANUS's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*COR.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels <sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>3</sup> Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William Prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses ; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory :

Haud procul inde, citæ Metium in diversa quadrigæ  
Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)  
Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus  
Per sylvam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres.

*Æn.* VIII. 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts : (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth :) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance :

“Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum distentum illigat Metium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertère omnes a tantâ fœditate spectacula oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit : in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse pœnas.” *Liv.* lib. i. xxviii. MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found mention of this punishment in our ancient romances. Thus, in *The Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 55 :

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

1 *PAT.* You do the nobler.

*COR.* I muse<sup>4</sup>, my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance<sup>5</sup> stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;  
[*To VOLUMNIA.*  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am<sup>6</sup>.

*VOL.* O, sir, sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*COR.* Let go<sup>7</sup>.

“ — Thou venemouse serpente

“ With *wilde horses* thou shalt be drawe to morowe

“ And on this hille be brente.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I muse,] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.  
So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Do not *muse* at me, my most noble friends——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — my ordinance —] My *rank*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> The man I am.] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in  
this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

“ *Truly* the man I am.”

*Truly* is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Let go.] Here again, Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient  
propriety, reads—*Why*, let *it* go.—Mr. Ritson would complete  
the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*:—  
“ Let *it* go *all*.”—Too many of the short replies in this and other  
plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated. STEEVENS.

VOL. You might have been enough the man you  
are,  
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions <sup>8</sup>, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR. Let them hang.

VOL. Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

I SEN. There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL. Pray be counsel'd :  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

MEN. Well said, noble woman ;  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd <sup>9</sup>, but that

<sup>8</sup> The THWARTINGS of your dispositions,] The old copies exhibit it :

" The *things* of your dispositions."

A few letters replaced, that by some carelessness dropped out, restore us the poet's genuine reading :

" The *thwartings* of your dispositions." THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction :

" The things *that thwart* your dispositions." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Before he should thus stoop to the HERD,] Old copy—stoop to the *heart*.] But how did Coriolanus stoop to his *heart*? He rather, as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play :

" Are these your *herd*?"

So, in Julius Cæsar : " — when he perceived, the common *herd* was glad he refus'd the crown," &c. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people :

VOL. XIV.

K

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*COR.* What must I do?

*MEN.* Return to the tribunes.

*COR.* Well, what then? what then?

*MEN.* Repent what you have spoke.

*COR.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods<sup>1</sup>;  
Must I then do't to them?

*VOL.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak<sup>2</sup>. I have heard you  
say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell  
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*COR.* Tush, tush!

*MEN.* A good demand.

*VOL.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace

“ You shames of Rome! you *herd* of ——.”

*Herd* was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;] So, in Philaster:

“ —— Hide me from Pharamond!

“ When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,

“ Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

“ And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag

“ Unto a foreign nation that he made

“ Philaster hide himself.” BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak.] Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.



With honour, as in war ; since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.* Why force you<sup>3</sup> this ?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people ; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you<sup>4</sup>,  
But with such words that are but roted in<sup>5</sup>  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Why FORCE you —] Why *urge* you. JOHNSON.  
So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ If you will now unite in your complaints,

“ And *force* them with a constancy——.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,] Perhaps the meaning is, which your heart prompts you *to*. We have many such elliptical expressions in these plays. See vol. xiii. p. 390, n. 8. So, in Julius Cæsar :

“ Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“ From what it is dispos'd [*to*].”

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests *to* you ; which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards : “ Come, come, we'll *prompt* you.” The editor of the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—prompts you *to*, and so all the subsequent copies read. MALONE.

I am content to follow the second folio ; though perhaps we ought to read :

“ Nor by the matter which your heart prompts *in* you.”

So, in A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Crosse, &c. 1589 :  
“ — for often meditatyon *prompteth in* us goode thoughtes, be-  
gettyng thereon goode workes,” &c.

Without some additional syllable the verse is defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — ROTED in—] Old copy, *roated*. Perhaps we should read—*rooted*. BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> — bastards, and syllables

Of no ALLOWANCE, to your bosom's truth.] I read : “ of no *alliance* ;” therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right*, *established rank*, or *settled authority*. JOHNSON.

*Allowance* is certainly right. So, in Othello, Act II. Sc. I. :

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town <sup>5</sup> with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
I should do so in honour : I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;  
And you <sup>6</sup> will rather show our general lowts <sup>7</sup>  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want <sup>8</sup> might ruin.

“ — his pilot

“ Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*.”

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be “ of *no kindred*.” STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because “ of no allowance, i. e. approbation, *to* your bosom's truth,” appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, “ to your bosom's truth.” The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, “ and syllables of no allowance,” are put in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Than to take in a town—] To subdue or destroy. See p. 25, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;

And you, &c.] Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake ; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son ; as the senate and body of the patricians ; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, “ I am in their *condition*, I am at stake, *together with* your wife, your son.” JOHNSON.

“ I am in this,” means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, In this *advice*, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — our general lowts —] Our *common clowns*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — that want —] The *want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

MEN.

Noble lady!—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,  
Not what<sup>9</sup> is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

VOL.

I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand<sup>1</sup> ;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with  
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> — NOT what —] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — with THIS bonnet in thy hand ;] Surely our author  
wrote—with *thy* bonnet in thy hand ; for I cannot suppose that  
he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the  
bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia says—“ *this* bonnet,” she may be supposed  
to *point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — waving thy HEAD,

Which *OFTEN*, thus, correcting thy stout heart,] But do any  
of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the  
“ waving the head,” when they treat of action? Or how does the  
waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence  
humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these  
words, “ Which often thus,” &c.? These questions are sufficient  
to show that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore :

“ — waving thy *hand*,

“ Which *soften* thus, correcting thy stout heart.”

This is a very proper precept of action, suiting the occasion ;  
Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then  
strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou  
hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper.

WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or  
*hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention ; the  
*head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better  
to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much  
stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would  
read thus :

That humble, as the ripest mulberry<sup>3</sup>,  
Now will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,

“ — waving thy head,

“ *With* often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.”

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in Hamlet :

“ And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down.”

STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus :

“ — waving thy head,

“ (Which *humble* thus ;) correcting thy stout heart,

“ Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry.” TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this passage as it stands, some amendment must be made, to make it intelligible ; and that which I now propose, is to read *bow* instead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. M. MASON.

I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It* often, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ — he that wins of all,

“ Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

“ *Who* having no external thing to lose,

“ But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.

In the former of these passages, “*whom* heavens directing,” is to be understood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing ; (*illum deo ducente* ;) and in the latter, “*who* having” has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.*

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author ; for in R. Raigold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5, b. I find the same construction : “ — as Pompey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who*

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way<sup>4</sup>, which, thou dost confess,

*hoping* by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar.—Who now being come unto the shoare, and entering Alexandria, had sodainly presented unto him the head of Pompey the Great," &c.

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543, Signat. M m ij: "And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaigned with great strength of Welshe-men, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: *whiche* thyng was in deede the cause that thei fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he," &c.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the sentence, not more abrupt than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia, and appear before them in a supplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as those that I now make,) subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or, if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy head."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines. MALONE.

All I shall observe respecting the validity of the instances adduced by Mr. Malone in support of his position, is, that as ancient press-work seldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently serve to countenance those of another, without affording any legitimate decision in matters of phraseology.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —humble, as the ripest mulberry,] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚ-ΤΟΠΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries*:

Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκείνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μούρων. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>4</sup> —and being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way,] So, in Othello (folio 1623):

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good-loves ; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

*MEN.*

This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours<sup>5</sup> :  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*VOL.*

Pr'ythee now,  
Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou had'st  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf<sup>6</sup>,  
Than flatter him in a bower<sup>7</sup>. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* I have been i' the market-place : and, sir,  
'tis fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

*MEN.* Only fair speech.

“ — Rude am I in my speech,  
“ And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace ;  
“ And little of this great world can I speak,  
“ More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Even as she speaks, why *ALL*, their hearts were yours :] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes :

“ Even as she speaks *it*, why their hearts were yours.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — IN a fiery gulf.] i. e. *into*. So, in King Richard III. :

“ But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Than flatter him in a *BOWER*.] A *bower* is the ancient term for a *chamber*. So Spenser, Prothalam. st. 8. speaking of The Temple :

“ Where now the studious lawyer's have their *bowers*.”

See also, Chaucer, &c. *passim*. STEEVENS.

COM. I think, 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must, and will :—  
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

COR. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce<sup>8</sup>?

Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't :  
Yet were there but this single plot<sup>9</sup> to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
it,

<sup>8</sup> — my UNBARB'D sconce?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses.

STEEVENS.

*Unbarbed*, bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

*Unbarbed sconce* is *untrimmed* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ *Grim*. — you are so clean a young man.

“ *Row*. And who *barbes* you, *Grimball*?

“ *Grim*. A dapper knave, one *Rosco*.

“ I know him not, is he a deaft *barber*?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in *Drayton's Polyolbion*, Song XIII.:

“ The labring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds.”

Again, in *The Malcontent*, by *Marston* :

“ The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.”

But (says *Dean Milles*, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215 :) “ would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome in the time of *Coriolanus*?” Every one but the *Dean*, understands that *Shakspeare* gives to all countries the fashions of his own.

*Unbarbed* may, however, bear the signification which the late *Mr. Hawkins* would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by *Skelton*, *Fancy* speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says :

“ *Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — single PLOT —] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase.

WARBURTON.

And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :

You have put me now to such a part, which never<sup>1</sup> I shall discharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. I pr'ythee now, sweet son ; as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before<sup>2</sup>.

COR. Well, I must do't :  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum<sup>3</sup>, into a pipe

<sup>1</sup> — SUCH a part, WHICH never, &c.] So, in King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. VI. :

“ — he would avoid *such* bitter taunts

“ *Which* in the time of death he gave our father.”

Again, in the present scene :

“ But with *such* words *that* are but roted,” &c.

Again, in Act V. Sc. IV. :

“ — the benefit

“ Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,

“ *Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses.”

i. e. the repetition of which—.

Again in Act V. Sc. III. :

“ — no, not with *such* friends,

“ *That* thought them sure of you,”

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which The Third Part of King Henry VI. was founded, reads—“ *As* in the time of death.” The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — perform a part

Thou hast not done before.] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll *prompt* you. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Which quired with my drum,] Which *played in concert* with my drum. JOHNSON.

So, in The Merchant of Venice :

“ Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins.” STEEVENS.



Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks<sup>4</sup> ; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd  
                knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do't :  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth <sup>5</sup>,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*VOL.*

At thy choice then :

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness <sup>6</sup> : for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from  
me ;

But owe<sup>7</sup> thy pride thyself.

*CoR.*

Pray, be content ;

Mother, I am going to the market-place ;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-  
lov'd

<sup>4</sup> Tent in my cheeks ; } To *tent* is to take up residence.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — to honour mine own truth,]

Πάντων δὲ μάλισ' αἰσχύνηο σαύτον. *Pythag.* JOHNSON.

6 \_\_\_\_\_ let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness:] This is obscure. Perhaps she means:—‘Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the *utmost* extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.’ JOHNSON.

7 — owe —] i. e. own. REED.

So, in Macbeth :

“To throw away the dearest thing he *owed*,

"As 'twere a careless trifle." STEEVENS.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*VOL.* Do your will. [*Exit.*

*COM.* Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm  
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*COR.* The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*MEN.* Ay, but mildly.

*COR.* Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*BRU.* In this point charge him home, that he  
affects  
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy<sup>s</sup> to the people ;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come ?

*ÆD.* He's coming.

<sup>s</sup> — envy —] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — no black *envy*

“ Shall make my grave.”

See vol. v. p. 108, n. 9. STEEVENS.

See also before in this play, p. 46, n. 4. BOSWELL.

*BRU.* How accompanied ?

*ÆD.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*SIC.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll ?

*ÆD.* I have ; 'tis ready <sup>9</sup>.

*SIC.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*ÆD.* I have.

*SIC.* Assemble presently the people hither :  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons*, be it  
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause <sup>1</sup>.

*ÆD.* I shall inform them.

*BRU.* And when such time they have begun to  
cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*ÆD.* Very well.

*SIC.* Make them be strong, and ready for this  
hint,

<sup>9</sup> — 'tis ready, HERE.] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — i' the truth o' the cause.] This is not very easily understood. We might read :

“ — o'er the truth o' the cause.” JOHNSON.

As I cannot understand this passage as it is pointed, I should suppose that the speeches should be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation :

“ *Sic.* Insisting on the old prerogative

“ And power.

“ *Æd.* In the truth of the cause

“ I shall inform them.”

That is, ‘I will explain the matter to them fully.’ M. MASON.

When we shall hap to give't them.

*BRU.*

Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Even to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction<sup>2</sup>: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance<sup>3</sup>; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,  
and Putricians.*

*SIC.* Well, here he comes.

*MEN.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*COR.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume<sup>5</sup>.—The honour'd  
gods

<sup>2</sup> —and to have his WORTH

Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word*; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Be rein'd again to TEMPERANCE;] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. iv. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “ holding in hyr haund a *bitt* of an horse.”

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> ————— which looks

With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The sense I believe is, ‘ What he has in heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.’ JOHNSON.

The tribune rather seems to mean—‘ The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Will bear the knave by the volume.] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
 Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !  
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
 And not our streets with war <sup>6</sup> !

1 *SEN.*

Amen, amen !

*MEN.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*SIC.* Draw near, ye people.

*ÆDI.* List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I  
 say.

*COR.* First, hear me speak.

*BOTH TRI.* Well, say.—Peace, ho <sup>7</sup>.

*COR.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-  
 sent ?

Must all determine here ?

*SIC.*

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

<sup>6</sup> — plant love among us !

*Throng* our large temples with the shows of peace,

And not our streets with war !] [The old copy—*Through*.]

We should read :

“Throng our large temples——”

The other is rank nonsense. *WARBURTON.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. *MALONE.*

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus ; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right ; because the “ temples ” (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup> Well, say.—Peace, ho.] As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written :

“ Well, *sir* ; say *on*.—Peace, ho.” *STEEVENS.*

To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*COR.* I am content.

*MEN.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*COR.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*MEN.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents<sup>8</sup> for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you<sup>9</sup>.

*COM.* Well, well, no more.

*COR.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*SIC.* Answer to us.

*COR.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*SIC.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to  
take  
From Rome all season'd office<sup>1</sup>, and to wind

<sup>8</sup> His rougher ACCENTS —] The old copy reads—*actions*. Mr. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher *accents* are the harsh *terms* that he uses. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Rather than ENVY you.] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as a verb, and signifies to *injure*. In this sense it is used by Julietta in *The Pilgrim*:

“If I make a lie

“To gain your love, and *envy* my best mistress,

“Pin me up against a wall,” &c. M. MASON.

“Rather than *envy* you.” Rather than import ill will to you.  
See p. 140, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — season'd office.] All *office established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*COR.* How ! Traitor ?

*MEN.* Nay ; temperately : your promise.

*COR.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !

Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, X  
In thy hands clutch'd <sup>2</sup> as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*SIC.* Mark you this, people ?

*CIT.* To the rock ; to the rock with him <sup>3</sup> !

*SIC.* Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*BRU.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,——

*COR.* What do you prate of service ?

*BRU.* I talk of that, that know it.

*COR.* You ?

*MEN.* Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

<sup>2</sup> — clutch'd —] i. e. grasp'd. So Macbeth, in his address to the “ air-drawn dagger : ”

“ Come, let me *clutch* thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To the rock with him ; to the rock with him.] The first folio reads :

“ To th' rock, to th' rock with him——.”

The second only :

“ To th' rock with him.”

My reading is therefore formed out of the two copies.

STEEVENS.

*Com.* Know,  
I pray you,——

*Cor.* I'll know no further :  
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying ; Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people<sup>4</sup>, seeking means  
To pluck away their power ; as now at last<sup>5</sup>  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence<sup>6</sup>  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it ; In the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Envied AGAINST the people,] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — AS now at last —] Read rather :

“ ——— has now at last.” JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of—*as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — NOT in the presence —] *Not* stands again for *not only*.  
JOHNSON.

It is thus used in The New Testament, 1 Thess. iv. 8 :

“ He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man, but God,” &c.  
STEEVENS

<sup>7</sup> And so it shall be.] Old copy, unmetrically—“ And it shall be so.” STEEVENS.

The text is the arrangement of the old copy. Mr. Steevens reads :



COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ;——

SIC. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

COM.

Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can show from Rome<sup>8</sup>,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate<sup>9</sup>, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would  
Speak that——

SIC. We know your drift : Speak what ?

BRU. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country :  
It shall be so.

CIT. It shall be so, it shall be so.

COR. You common cry of curs<sup>1</sup> ! whose breath I hate

“ —— It shall be so,

“ It shall be so ; let him away : he's banish'd,

“ And so it shall be.” BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> — show FROM Rome,] Read—“ show *for* Rome.”

M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were got *out of* Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for* Rome ; and supports his emendation by these passages :

“ To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome,” &c.

Again :

“ Good man ! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> My dear wife's estimate,] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> You common CRY of curs !] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play :

“ —— You have made good work,

“ You and your *cry*.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

As reek o' the rotten fens<sup>2</sup>, whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you<sup>3</sup>;  
 And here remain with your uncertainty!  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels<sup>4</sup>),

"I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

"To a deep cry of dogs." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> As reek o' the ROTTEN FENS,] So, in *The Tempest*:

"*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

"*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I banish you;] So, in *Lyly's Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: "When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had *banished* him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them.*"

Our poet has again the same thought in *King Richard II.*:

"Think not, the king did banish thee,

"But thou the king." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Have the power still

To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.] Sill retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. "The people, (says he,) cannot see, but they can feel." It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

"The people (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *Lectures on History*, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression."—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, "leaving none in the city but yourselves," I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, "Making *not* reservation of your-

Making not reservation of yourselves,  
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives<sup>5</sup>, to some nation  
 That won you without blows! Despising<sup>6</sup>,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
 Senators, and Patricians.*

*ÆD.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

selves," which agrees with the subsequent words—"still your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "still their own foes." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 92, n. 5.

MALONE.

Mr. Capell reads:

"Making *not* reservation of your selves." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ABATED captives,] *Abated* is *dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit.*

So, in Cræsus, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the 7th Iliad:

"Th' *abated* mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my pheeres."

Randle Holme, however, informs us that "an *abatement* is a mark added or annexed to a coat [of arms] by reason of some dishonourable act whereby the dignity of the coat is abased," &c. See the Academy of Armory and Blazon, p. 71.

*Abated* has the same power as the French *abattu*. See vol. x. p. 353, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Despising,] As this line is imperfect, perhaps our author originally gave it—

"Despising *therefore*,

"For you, the city," &c. STEEVENS.

*CIT.* Our enemy's banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !  
hoo !

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

*SIC.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*CIT.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;  
come :—  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.  
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

*COR.* Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—  
the beast  
With many heads<sup>7</sup> butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd  
To say, extremities was the trier of spirits ;  
That common chances common men could bear ;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating<sup>8</sup> : fortune's blows,

<sup>7</sup> — the beast

With many heads —] Thus also, Horace, speaking of the Roman mob :

Bellua multorum est capitum. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — you were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;  
That common chances common men could bear ;  
That, when the sea was calm ; all boats alike

Show'd mastership in floating ;] Thus the second folio. The first reads :

When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning<sup>9</sup>: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*VIR.* O heavens! O heavens!

*COR.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

"To say, *extreamities* was the trier of spirits."

*Extremity*, in the singular number, is used by our author in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c.

The general thought of this passage has already occurred in *Troilus and Cressida*. See vol. viii. p. 253 :

“ — In the reproof of chance

“Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,

“How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

“ Upon her patient breast, making their way

"With those of nobler bulk?" STEEVENS.

However often Shakspeare has used extremes in other places, we find that he has employed the plural here ; what ground therefore have we for changing a word that affords perfect good sense, and is found in the only ancient authentick copy. It is decisively confirmed and supported, not only by that copy, but by another place in this very play, where we meet with exact the same phraseology, Act III. Sc. II. :

“—— You are too absolute,

“ Tho’ there you can never be too noble,

"But when *extremities* speak. I have heard you say

“ Honour and policy,” &c. MALONE.

9 — fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded craves

A noble cunning :] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go to explain their meaning.

The sense is, 'When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy.' He calls this calmness, *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men." JOHNSON.

*VOL.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish !

*COR.* What, what, what !  
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not, adieu :—Farewell, my wife ! my mother !

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond <sup>1</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,

My hazards still have been your solace : and  
Believe not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice <sup>2</sup>.

*VOL.* My first son <sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis fond —] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, *passim*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

*Cautelous*, in the present instance, signifies—*insidious*. In the sense of *cautious* it occurs in Julius Cæsar :

“Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> My first son,] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARBURTON.

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposture to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee <sup>4</sup>.

COR.

O the gods!

COM. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

COR.

Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch <sup>5</sup>, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

Mr. Heath would read:

"My fierce son." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> More than a wild EXPOSTURE to each chance

That starts i' the way before thee.] I know not whether the  
word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should  
incline to read *exposure*. We have, however, other words of a  
similar formation in these plays. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——— The earth's a thief

"That feeds and breeds by a *composture* stolen

"From general excrement." MALONE.

We should certainly read—*exposure*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"And when we have our naked frailties hid

"That suffer in *exposure*,—"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"To weaken and discredit our *exposure*—."

*Exposture* is, I believe, no more than a typographical error.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> My friends of noble touch,] i. e. of true metal unallayed.  
Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

*MEN.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*COR.* Give me thy hand :—  
Come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*SIC.* Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no  
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*BRU.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*SIC.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*BRU.* Dismiss them home.  
[*Exit Ædile.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*SIC.* Let's not meet her.

*BRU.* Why ?

*SIC.* They say, she's mad.

*BRU.* They have ta'en note of us : keep on your  
way.

*VOL.* O, you're well met : The hoarded plague  
o' the gods

Requite your love !

*MEN.* Peace, peace ; be not so loud.



*VOL.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

*VIR.* You shall stay too: [*To SICIN.*] *[To BRUTUS.]* I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

*SIC.* Are you mankind?

*VOL.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father <sup>6</sup>? Hadst thou foxship <sup>7</sup> To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, Than thou hast spoken words?

*SIC.* O blessed heavens!

*VOL.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son

<sup>6</sup> *Sic.* Are you MANKIND?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father?] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense, Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

“—— Note but this fool.—

“ Was not a man my father?” JOHNSON.

So, Jonson in *The Silent Woman*:

“ O *mankind* generation !”

Shakspeare himself, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. II.:

“ —— a *mankind* witch.”

Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso:

“ See, see, this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,

“ This shameless whore.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Hadst thou foxship —] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*SIC.* What then ?

*VIR.* What then !

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*VOL.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

*MEN.* Come, come, peace.

*SIC.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began ; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made<sup>8</sup>.

*BRU.* I would he had.

*VOL.* I would he had ! 'Twas you incens'd the  
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*BRU.* Pray, let us go.

*VOL.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone :  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this :

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome : so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*BRU.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*SIC.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits ?

*VOL.* Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet them

<sup>8</sup> — UNKNIT himself

The noble KNOT he made.] So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ — will you again *unknit*

“ This churlish *knot*,” &c. STEEVENS.

But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*MEN.* You have told them home<sup>9</sup>,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup  
with me?

*VOL.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding<sup>1</sup>.—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*MEN.* Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*

*ROM.* I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*VOL.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*ROM.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
you are, against them: Know you me yet?

*VOL.* Nicanor? No.

*ROM.* The same, sir.

*VOL.* You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
but your favour is well appeared by your tongue<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> You have told them home,] So, again, in this play:

“I cannot speak him home.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And so shall STARVE WITH FEEDING.] This idea is repeated in Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. II. and in Pericles:

“Who starves the ears she feeds,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — but your favour is well APPEARED by your tongue.] This is strange nonsense. We should read:

“———— is well *appealed*.”

i. e. brought into remembrance, WARBURTON.

I would read:

“———— is well *affear'd*.”

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author.

“His title is *affear'd*.” *Macbeth*.

What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there : you have well saved me a day's journey.

ROM. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOL. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROM. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOL. Coriolanus banished ?

To *repeal* may be to *bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read :

“ Your favour is well *approved* by your tongue.”

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face.

So, in Hamlet, Sc. I. :

“ That if again this apparition come,

“ He may *approve* our eyes and speak to it.” STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—“ your favour *has* well appeared by your tongue :” but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested* or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, Life of Sylla, p. 622, edit. 1575 : “ —which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides.” We have the same participle in Romeo and Juliet, vol. vi. p. 192 :

“ And gave him what *becomed* love I might.”

So Chaucer uses *dispaired* :

“ Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be

“ That thou *dispaired* art,” &c. MALONE.

*ROM.* Banished, sir.

*VOL.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*ROM.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*VOL.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*ROM.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*VOL.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment<sup>3</sup>, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*ROM.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*VOL.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*ROM.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> — already in the entertainment,] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See vol. viii. p. 39, n. 6. MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'S House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

COR. A goodly city is this Antium : City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

CIT. This, here, before you.

COR. Thank you, sir ; farewell.  
*[Exit Citizen.]*

O, world, thy slippery turns <sup>4</sup> ! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> O, world, thy slippery turns ! &c.] This fine picture of common friendship, is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who TWIN, as 'twere, in love—] Our author has again used this verb in Othello :

Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissention of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends.

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate I <sup>6</sup>, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter <sup>7</sup>: if he slay me,  
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [

[*Exit.*]

“ And he that is approv’d in this offence,  
“ Though he had *twinn’d* with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 “Have with our needles created both one flower,  
 “Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 “Both warbling of one song, both in one key:  
 “As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 “Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 “Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
 “But yet a union in partition,  
 “Two lovely berries molded on one stem:  
 “So, *with two seeming bodies, but one heart*;  
 “Two of the first,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — HATE I.] The old copy instead of *hate*, reads—*have*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. “I’ll enter,” means, I’ll enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

Instead of this easy emendation Mr. Rowe thus altered this line:

"My birth-place have I, and *my lovers left*." BOSWELL.

7 This ENEMY town.—I'll enter:] Here, as in other places, our author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's Plutarch :

“ For he disguised him selfe in suche arraye and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knownen him for the persone he was, seeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe : and as Homer sayed of Vlvssez :

"So dyd he *enter into the enemies towne.*"

Perhaps, therefore, instead of *enemy*, we should read—*enemy's* or *enemies' town*. STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'S House.

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *SERV.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *SERV.* Where's COTUS? my master calls for him. COTUS! [*Exit.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*COR.* A goodly house: The feast smells well:  
but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *SERV.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

*COR.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus<sup>8</sup>.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *SERV.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions<sup>9</sup>? Pray, get you out.

<sup>8</sup> In being CORIOLANUS.] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — that he gives entrance to such COMPANIONS?] *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*. MALONE.

The same term is employed in *All's Well That Ends Well*, *King Henry VI. Part II.* *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, &c. STEEVENS.

See also, Lord Clarendon's *History*, vol. i. p. 378: "— by this



COR. Away!

2 SERV. Away? Get you away.

COR. Now thou art troublesome.

2 SERV. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 SERV. What fellow's this?

1 SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

COR. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth<sup>1</sup>.

3 SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3 SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3 SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

means that body in great part now consisted of upstart, factious, indigent *companions*, who were ready," &c. The same term is still or was so lately in use as to be employed by Mr. Foote in 1763, in *The Mayor of Garrett*. REED.

<sup>1</sup> Let me but stand; I will not hurt your HEARTH.] Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of Plutarch. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, did not suit the purposes of the dramatist:

"So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill fauoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maiestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man." STEEVENS.

*COR.* Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

*3 SERV.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*2 SERV.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

*3 SERV.* Where dwellest thou?

*COR.* Under the canopy.

*3 SERV.* Under the canopy?

*COR.* Ay.

*3 SERV.* Where's that?

*COR.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*3 SERV.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*COR.* No, I serve not thy master.

*3 SERV.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*COR.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence! [*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*AUF.* Where is this fellow?

*2 SERV.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*AUF.* Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*COR.* If, Tullus<sup>2</sup>, [*Unmuffling.*]

<sup>2</sup> If Tullus, &c.] These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:

"Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius vnmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed vnto him:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleene me to be the man I am in dede, I must of

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*AUF.*

What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*]

*COR.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*AUF.*

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel<sup>3</sup>: What's thy name?

necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and payneful service I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I begin to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my service may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy, than such as haue neuer proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose service now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel:] A corresponding idea occurs in *Cymbeline*:

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown : Know'st thou me yet ?

AUF. I know thee not :—Thy name ?

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces, Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus : The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname ; a good memory<sup>4</sup>, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou should'st bear me : only that name remains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;  
 And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
 Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,  
 Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if  
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
 I would have 'voided thee<sup>5</sup> : but in mere spite,  
 To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
 A heart of wreak in thee<sup>6</sup>, that will revenge

“ The ruin speaks, that sometime

“ It was a worthy building.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a good MEMORY,] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

JOHNSON.

See the quotation from Plutarch in note 2. MALONE.

And vol. vi. p. 386, n. 9. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — of all th' men i' the world

I would have 'voided thee:] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Of all men else I have avoided thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> A heart of WREAK in thee,] A heart of resentment.

JOHNSON.

*Wreak* is an ancient term for *revenge*. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame<sup>7</sup> seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends<sup>8</sup>. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-  
tunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present

“Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 83 :

“ She saith that hir selfe she sholde

“Do wreche with hir own honde.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the 5th Iliad:

“—— if he should pursue Sarpedon's life,

"Or take his friends *wreake* on his men." STEEVENS.

7 — maims

Of shame—] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — with the spleen

Of all the UNDER FIENDS.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI. Part I.*

“ Fow, ye familiar spirits, that are call’d

“ Out of the powerful regions *under* earth,” &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakspeare uses the word *under-skinker*, to express the lowest rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under fiends*. Instances, however, of "too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.

Under fiends, I apprehend, means no more than the common phrase the fiends *below*. BOSWELL.

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and  
say,

*'Tis true* ; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scarr'd the moon <sup>9</sup> with splinters ! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword <sup>1</sup> ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,

<sup>9</sup> And SCARR'D the moon —] Thus the old copy, and I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened* : a reading to which the following line in King Richard III. certainly adds some support :

“ Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.” MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhoionthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. The verb to *scare* is again written *scarr*, in the old copy of The Winter's Tale : “ They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — Here I CLIP

The ANVIL OF MY SWORD ;] To *clip* is to *embrace*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ Enter the city, *clip* your wives—.”

Aufidius styles Coriolanus the “ anvil of his sword,” because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on his *anvil*. So, in Hamlet :

“ And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

“ On Mars's armour——

“ With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

“ Now falls on Priam.” STEEVENS.

I loved the maid I married ; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath<sup>2</sup> ; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold<sup>3</sup>. Why, thou Mars ! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times<sup>4</sup>, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead<sup>5</sup> with nothing. Worthy  
Marcius,

<sup>2</sup> — never man

Sigh'd truer breath ;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" I'll *sigh* celestial *breath*, whose gentle wind

" Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

" Lover never yet made *sigh*

" *Truer* than I." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> BESTRIDE my threshold.] Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold ; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus, Lucan, lib. ii. 359 :

*Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times,] *Out* here means, I believe, *full*, *complete*. MALONE.

So, in *The Tempest* :

" ——— for then thou wast not

" *Out* three years old." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And wak'd half dead —] Unless the two preceding lines be considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's concluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed differently. "*We have been down*," must be considered as if he had written—I have been down *with you*, in my sleep, and wak'd, &c. See vol. x. p. 311, n. 8 ; and p. 477, n. 7.

MALONE.

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat<sup>7</sup>. O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

*COR.*

You bless me, Gods!

*AUF.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
 ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
 welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *SERV.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *SERV.* By my hand, I had thought to have

<sup>6</sup> Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that—] The old copy, redundantly, and unnecessarily:

“Had we no *other* quarrel else,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Like a bold flood o'er-BEAT.] Though this is intelligible, and the reading of the old copy, perhaps our author wrote—o'er-bear. So, in *Othello*:

“Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature—.”

STEEVENS.



strucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *SERV.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *SERV.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it. x

1 *SERV.* He had so ; looking as it were,——  
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *SERV.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *SERV.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *SERV.* Who ? my master ?

1 *SERV.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *SERV.* Worth six of him.

1 *SERV.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *SERV.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *SERV.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *SERV.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *SERV.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *SERV.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *SERV.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *SERV.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *SERV.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

3 *SERV.* I do not say, thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *SERV.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *SERV.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *SERV.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too<sup>8</sup>.

1 *SERV.* But, more of thy news?

3 *SERV.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand<sup>9</sup>, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears<sup>1</sup>: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> — he might have BROILED and eaten him too.] The old copy reads—*boiled*. The change was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — sanctifies himself with's hand,] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, 'considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.' If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> He'll—*sowle* the porter of Rome gates by the ears:] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from "*sow*," i. e. 'to take hold

2 *SERV.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *SERV.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude<sup>3</sup>.

of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.' So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this."

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to Hercules dragging out Cerberus. STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* vol. ii. p. 149: "A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, vol. ii. p. 138: "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere*. MALONE.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> — his passage POLLED.] That is, *bared, cleared*. JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to *cut off his hair*. So, in Damætas' Madrigall in Praise of his Daphnis, by J. Wootton, published in England's Helicon, quarto, 1600:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd*."

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon Field:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be *polled*." STEEVENS.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove untruly, being pill'd and *poul'd* too unconscionably." — *Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — whilst he's in *discredit*.] I suspect the author wrote: — whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense: but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense.

MALONE.

1 *SERV.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *SERV.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood <sup>4</sup>, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *SERV.* But when goes this forward?

3 *SERV.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *SERV.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers <sup>5</sup>.

1 *SERV.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent <sup>6</sup>. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled <sup>7</sup>, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men <sup>8</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> — in blood,] See p. 14, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> This peace is nothing, but to rust, &c.] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:

"This peace is *good* for nothing but," &c.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—is *worth* nothing, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — full of VENT.] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *dis-course*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — mulled,] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. *Lat. Mollitus*. HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> — than WARS a destroyer of men.] i. e. than *wars* are a destroyer of men. Our author almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—than *war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in All's Well That Ends Well, Act II. Sc. I. where the second Lord says—"O, 'tis brave *wars*!" as we have here—"wars may be said to be a *ravisher*."

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the old blundering transcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* instead of *war*.

STEEVENS.

2 *SERV.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *SERV.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *SERV.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

*ALL.* In, in, in, in. [*Excunt.*

## SCENE VI.

Rome. A Publick Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*SIC.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace <sup>9</sup>

Mr. Malone had collected twenty-four instances from various contemporaries of Shakspeare, in support of the text, but as the phraseology which Mr. Steevens questioned is not altogether disused even at this day, I have forborne to insert them.

BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> His remedies are tame i' the present peace —] The old reading is:

“His remedies are tame, the present peace,”

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:

“—— neither need we fear him;

“His remedies are *ta'en*, the present peace,

“And quietness o' the people ——.”

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him*, the proper remedies against him *are taken*, by restoring peace and quietness.

JOHNSON.

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

“His remedies are tame,”

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to

And quietness o' the people, which before  
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
 Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
 'Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
 About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*BRU.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*SIC.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
 Of late.—Hail, sir!

*MEN.* Hail to you both <sup>1</sup>!

*SIC.* Your Coriolanus, is not much miss'd <sup>2</sup>,  
 But with his friends; the common-wealth doth  
 stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*MEN.* All's well; and might have been much  
 better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame*; but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, designedly opposed to each other.

STEEVENS.

*In*, [*i'* the present peace] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Hail to you BOTH!] From this reply of Menenius, it should seem that *both* the tribunes had saluted him; a circumstance also to be inferred from the present deficiency in the metre, which would be restored by reading (according to the proposal of a modern editor):

“Of late.—Hail, sir!

“*Bru.*

*Hail, sir!*

“*Men.*

Hail to you both!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Your Coriolanus, *SIR*, is not much miss'd,] I have admitted the word—*sir*, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.

*SIC.* Where is he, hear you ?

*MEN.* Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*CIT.* The gods preserve you both !

*SIC.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*BRU.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *CIT.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*SIC.* Live, and thrive !

*BRU.* Farewell, kind neighbours : We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*CIT.* Now the gods keep you !

*BOTH TRI.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*SIC.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*BRU.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,——

*SIC.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> — affecting one sole throne,

Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors* ; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.

“ Without assistance.” For the sake of measure I should wish to read :

“ Without assistance *in't*.”

This hemistich, joined to the following one, would then form a regular verse.

It is also not improbable that Shakspeare, instead of *assistance*, wrote *assistants*. Thus in the old copies of our author, we have *ingredience* for *ingredients*, *occurrence* for *occurents*, &c.

STEEVENS.

*MEN.* I think not so.

*SIC.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so<sup>3</sup>.

*BRU.* The gods have well prevented it, and  
Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*ÆD.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*MEN.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;  
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for  
Rome<sup>4</sup>,  
And durst not once peep out.

*SIC.* Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius ?

*BRU.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot  
be,  
The Volces dare break with us.

*MEN.* Cannot be !  
We have record, that very well it can ;  
And three examples of the like have been

<sup>3</sup> We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.] Perhaps the author  
wrote: We should *have* by this, or, *have* found it so. Without  
one or other of these insertions the construction is imperfect.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — STOOD FOR Rome,] i. e. stood up in its defence. Had  
the expression in the text been met with in a learned author, it  
might have passed for a Latinism :

— *summis stantem pro turribus Idam.*

*Æneid* IX. 575. STEEVENS.



Within my age. But reason with the fellow <sup>5</sup>,  
 Before you punish him, where he heard this :  
 Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
 And beat the messenger who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

*SIC.* Tell not me :

I know, this cannot be.

*BRU.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are  
 going

All to the senate house : some news is come in <sup>6</sup>,  
 That turns their countenances <sup>7</sup>.

*SIC.* 'Tis this slave ;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !  
 Nothing but his report !

*MESS.* Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
 More fearful, is deliver'd.

*SIC.* What more fearful ?

<sup>5</sup> — REASON with the fellow,] That is, have some *talk* with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — some news is come,] Old copy, redundantly,—some news is come *in*. The second folio—*coming* ; but I think, erroneously.

STEEVENS.

I have already remarked in a note on *Cymbeline*, vol. xiii. p. 212, that such redundant terminations, laying the emphasis on the first of two words, is common among Shakspeare's contemporaries. See *The Essay on Shakspeare's Versification*. BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> — some news is come in,

That *turns* their countenances,] i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens* :

"Has friendship such a faint and *milky* heart,

"It *turns* in less than two nights?" MALONE.

I believe nothing more is meant than—*changes* their countenances. So, in *Cymbeline* :

"*Change* yon, madam?

"The noble Leonatus is in safety." STEEVENS.

*MESS.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*SIC.* This is most likely !

*BRU.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*SIC.* The very trick on't.

*MEN.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone<sup>8</sup>,  
Than violentest contrariety<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*MESS.* You are sent for to the senate ;

<sup>8</sup> — can no more ATONE,] To *atone*, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*.

JOHNSON.

*Atone* seems to be derived from *at* and *one* ;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form : “ — to reconcile and make them *at one*.” MALONE.

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following passage in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia* : “ Necessitie made us see, that a common enemie sets *at one* a civil warre.”

STEEVENS.

Hall, in his *Satires*, uses *at onement* for *reconciled*, in a humorous description of a contest between the *Back* and the *Belly* of a Fop :

“ Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,  
“ That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts ;  
“ Which never can be set *at onement* more,  
“ Untill the mawes wide mouth be stopt with store.”

*Lib. III. Sat. VII.* BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> — violentest contrariety.] I should read—violentest *contrarieties*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have supported his conjecture by the following passage in *King Lear* :

“ No *contraries* hold more antipathy  
“ Than I and such a knave.” STEEVENS.

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
 Associated with Aufidius, rages  
 Upon our territories ; and have already,  
 O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
 What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

COM. O, you have made good work !

MEN. What news ? what news ?

COM. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads <sup>1</sup> upon your pates ;  
 To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;——

MEN. What's the news ? what's the news ?

COM. Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
 Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
 Into an augre's bore <sup>2</sup>.

MEN. Pray now, your news ?——

You have made fair work, I fear me :——Pray, your news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——

COM. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
 Made by some other deity than nature,  
 That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
 Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
 Or butchers killing flies.

MEN. You have made good work,  
 You, and your apron men ; you that stood so much

<sup>1</sup> — the city leads —] Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 71. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — confin'd

Into an augre's bore.] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ —— our fate hid in an augre-hole.” STEEVENS.

Upon the voice of occupation<sup>3</sup>, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters<sup>4</sup>!

COM. He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit<sup>5</sup>: You have made fair  
work!

BRU. But is this true, sir?

COM. Ay; and you'll look pale

<sup>3</sup> Upon the voice of OCCUPATION,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily business. So again, in Julius Cæsar, Act I. Sc. II.: "An I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c.

So, Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*:

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes

Infra se positas. MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like manner, where Menenius says:

"—— you have made fair hands,

"You, and your *crafts*!" M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "— he would mouth with a beggar, *though* she smelled brown bread and *garlick*." MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.:

—— quis tecum sectile porrum

Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?

And from the following passage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play*, the Devil is in it, 1512, it should appear that *garlick* was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion:

"Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now: yet she has strong reason to love it: for though *garlick* made her smell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> As Hercules, &c.] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.



*TRI.* Say not, we brought it.

*MEN.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts,  
And cowardly nobles<sup>9</sup>, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*COM.* But, I fear  
They'll roar him in again<sup>1</sup>. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*MEN.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*CIT.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *CIT.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *CIT.* And so did I.

3 *CIT.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so  
did very many of us: That we did, we did for the

<sup>9</sup> And cowardly nobles,] I suspect that our author wrote—  
*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in K. John:  
“Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> They'll roar him in again.] As they *hooted* at his departure,  
they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will  
come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

best : and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

COM. You are goodly things, you voices !

MEN. You have made

Good work, you and your cry <sup>2</sup> !—Shall us to the Capitol ?

COM. O, ay ; what else ?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN*]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd ;  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

1 CIT. The gods be good to us ! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong,  
when we banished him.

2 CIT. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol :—'Would, half my  
wealth

Would buy this for a lie !

SIC.

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him ;  
but

<sup>2</sup> — you and your CRY !] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in Hamlet, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. See p. 147, n. 1.

This phrase was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his *Paradise Lost*, book ii. :

“ A *cry* of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd.” STEEVENS.

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
 \* Even by your own.

*AUF.* I cannot help it now;  
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
 Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier<sup>2</sup>  
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
 — When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
 In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
 What cannot be amended.

*LIEU.* Yet I wish, sir,  
 (I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
 Join'd in commission with him: but either  
 Had borne<sup>3</sup> the action of yourself, or else  
 To him had left it solely.

*AUF.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;  
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
 Whene'er we come to our account.

<sup>2</sup> — more PROUDLIER —] We have already had in this play  
 —more *worthier*, as in Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. I. we have  
*more kinder*; yet the modern editors read here—more *proudly*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> HAD borne —] The old copy reads—*have* borne; which  
 cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am answerable.

MALONE.

I suppose the word—*had*, or *have*, to be alike superfluous, and  
 that the passage should be thus regulated:

“ — but either borne

“ The action of yourself, or else to him

“ Had left it solely.” STEEVENS.



LIEU. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

ANF. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his :  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too :  
 The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
 As is the osprey <sup>4</sup> to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man ; whether <sup>5</sup> defect of judgment,

<sup>4</sup> As is the OSPREY —] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*.  
 POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XXV. a full account of the *osprey*, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile :

“ The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
 “ Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,  
 “ But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
 “ Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
 “ They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

LANGTON.

So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
 “ That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
 “ The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
 “ And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.”

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a “ rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed.” STEEVENS.

The *osprey* is a different bird from the sea eagle, to which the above quotations allude, but its prey is the same. See Pennant's *British Zoology*, 46, Linn. Syst. Nat. 129. HARRIS.

<sup>5</sup> — whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether, &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus ; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success ; unskilfulness to

To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of: or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
                   peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all<sup>6</sup>,  
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance<sup>7</sup>. So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done<sup>8</sup>.

regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> As he hath spices of them all, not all,] i. e. not all complete, not all *in their full extent*. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— for all

“ Thy by-gone fooleries were but *spices* of it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

I rather understand it: “ But such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.” BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.] This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

“ ——— unto itself most commendable.”

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear “ his nothings monster'd.” But I rather believe, “ in the utterance ” alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the *high encomiums pronounced*

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;  
Rights by rights founder<sup>9</sup>, strengths by strengths do  
fail.

on him by his friends ; and then the lines of Horace, quoted in p. 182, may serve as a comment on the passage before us.

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, however, may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton's interpretation :

"The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,

"If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

Yet I still think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. MALONE.

The pride of Coriolanus is his strongest characteristic. We may, perhaps, apply to him what is said of Julius Cæsar:

"But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

"He says he does, being then most flattered." BOSWELL.

A sentiment of a similar nature is expressed by Adam, in the second scene of the second Act of *As You Like It*, where he says to Orlando :

"Your praise is come too swiftly home before you,

"Know you not, master, to some kind of men

"Their graces serve them but as enemies ?

"No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,

"Are sanctified and holy traitors to you." M. MASON.

The passage before us, and the comments upon it are, to me at least, equally unintelligible. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;

Rights by rights FOUNDER, strengths by strengths do fail.]

In the only authentick ancient copy these lines are thus exhibited :

"One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;

"Rights by rights *fouler* ; strengths by strengths do fail."

There can, I think, be no doubt that these words relate to the rivalry subsisting between Coriolanus and Aufidius, and not to the preceding observations concerning the ill effects of extravagant encomiums. It is manifest, that Aufidius would never represent his own cause or rights as *fouler*, or less worthy than the rights of Coriolanus, and that what he means here to say, is,—“As one fire cures another fire, and one nail by strength drives out another, so the rights of Coriolanus shall *yield to be overpowered* by my rights, and his strength be subdued by mine:” and this meaning is furnished by the word *founder*, which I am confident was intended by the author, and is now placed in the text, instead of *fouler*, the original corrupted reading.

Though a strenuous advocate for adhering to the ancient copies, except in cases of manifest errors of the press, I have not hesitated

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.  
[*Exeunt.*]

to admit this emendation, the text being certainly corrupt ; the change so slight as the substitution of two letters for one ; and the word now adopted so little dissimilar from the corrupted reading, that they might have been easily confounded either by the eye or the ear. Thus one part of the line corresponds, and is in opposition with the other ; and, instead of no sense, a clear and consistent meaning is obtained.

This verb is used precisely with the same metaphorical signification in a passage in King Henry VIII. which fully supports the present emendation in this point :

“ All his tricks *founder* ; and he brings his physick  
 “ After his patient's death.”

The notions suggested in the text were extremely familiar to Shakspeare, and occur in various places in his works. Thus, in his Venus and Adonis :

“ *Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeys.*”  
 Again, in King Henry V. :

“ ——— Think we King Henry *strong*,  
 “ And, princes, look you *strongly* arm to meet him.”

Again, in King John :

“ *Controlment* for *controlment* ; so answer France.”

Again, in Venus and Adonis :

“ The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
 “ *Controlling* what he was *controlled with.*”

Again, in King Richard III. :

“ ——— *rights for rights*  
 “ Hath dimm'd his infant morn to aged night.”

So much for the sentiments in the second of these lines : the images presented in the first occur no less frequently.

Thus, in King John :

“ ——— though indirect,  
 “ Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 “ And falsehood, falsehood cures, as *fire cures fire*  
 “ Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.”

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ Even as *one heat another heat expels*,  
 “ Or as *one nail by strength drives out another.*”

Again, in Julius Cæsar :

“ As *fire drives out fire*, so pity, pity.”

I have in general set my face against all innovation and changes of the text, merely for the sake of improvement in the metre or sense ; but when the old copy is manifestly corrupt, and

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. A Publick Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

*MEN.* No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,

a very slight change affords a clear meaning, in union with and supported by the context ; such an emendation has surely an irresistible claim to admission. Such has been the proceeding of all the editors of these plays, by whom the corrections of this kind which have been made, and are now generally acknowledged to be just, do not amount to less than three hundred ; why then should not we claim the same privilege as our predecessors, more especially if we use it with the utmost caution and diffidence ?

That those who may still be satisfied with the corrupted word exhibited in the old copy, if after what has been stated, any such shall be found, may not have it in their power to allege that what little has been advanced in support of the original reading has been suppressed, I subjoin Mr. Steevens's note on this passage.

MALONE.

"*Rights* by rights fouler." Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity—*Right's* by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. There is undoubtedly such a word in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441 ; but it is not easily applicable to our present subject :

"Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight."

The same word likewise occurs in the following proverb—"York doth *foul* Sutton"—i. e. "exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor." STEEVENS.

"*Right's* by right fouler," may well mean, "That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair." All the short sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them nonsensical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense ; and

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :  
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him,  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
 The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd<sup>1</sup>  
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN. Do you hear ?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name :  
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
 He would not answer to : forbad all names ;  
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
 Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
 Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, so ; you have made good work :  
 A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome<sup>2</sup>,  
 To make coals cheap : A noble memory<sup>3</sup> !

COM. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
 When it was less expected : He replied,  
 It was a bare petition<sup>4</sup> of a state  
 To one whom they had punish'd.

would read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies:

“ Rights by rights *foul* are, strengths,” &c. RITSON.

I should not consider myself as dealing fairly by the reader, if I had not laid before him Mr. Malone's emendation and the reasons he has assigned for it; although I can by no means acquiesce in either the one or the other. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> — coy'd—] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — that have RACK'D for Rome,] To *rack* means to *harrass* by *exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places :

“ The commons hast thou *rack'd* ; the clergy's bags

“ Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

I believe it here means in general, “ You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — memory !] For *memorial*. See p. 166, n. 4. STEEVENS.

MEN.

Very well :

Could he say less ?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard  
 For his private friends : His answer to me was,  
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
 Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,  
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
 And still to nose the offence.

MEN.

For one poor grain or two ?

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,  
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
 You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
 Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

SIC. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid  
 In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
 Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
 Would be your country's pleader, your good  
 tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,  
 Might stop our countryman.

MEN.

No ; I'll not meddle.

SIC. Pray you <sup>5</sup>, go to him.

MEN. What should I do ?

<sup>4</sup> It was a BARE petition —] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. See vol. iv. p. 80, n. 7. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but we should read :

“ It was a *base* petition,” &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished. M. MASON.

In King Henry IV. Part I. and in Timon of Athens, the word *bare* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through ; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, the editor of the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps *base* was the author's word. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I pray you, &c.] The pronoun personal—*I*, is wanting in the old copy. STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*MEN.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard ; what then ?—  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

*SIC.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*MEN.* I'll undertake it :  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd <sup>6</sup> :  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts <sup>7</sup> : therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*BRU.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*MEN.* Good faith, I'll prove him,

<sup>6</sup> He was not taken well ; he had not din'd ; &c.] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. *WARBURTON.*

Mr. Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See *Epist. I. ver. 127* :

“ Perhaps was sick, in love, or *had not din'd.*” *STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup> —OUR PRIEST-LIKE FASTS:] I am afraid that when Shakspeare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. *STEEVENS.*

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. *C.*



Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success<sup>8</sup>. [Exit.

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not ?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold<sup>9</sup>, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;  
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would  
do,

He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions<sup>1</sup> :  
So, that all hope is vain,

<sup>8</sup> Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success,] There could be no doubt but Menenius  
himself would soon have knowledge of his own success. The  
sense therefore requires that we should read :

" Speed how it will, *you* shall ere long have knowledge

" Of my success." M. MASON.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his suc-  
cess is certain ; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere long*  
gain that knowledge. MALONE.

All Menenius designs to say, may be—'I shall not be kept  
long in suspense as to the result of my embassy.' STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> I tell you, he does sit in gold.] He is enthroned in all the  
pomp and pride of imperial splendour :

—— χρυσόθρονον Ἡρῆ. Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch : " — he was set in his  
chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestie."  
Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in King Henry VIII.  
Act I. Sc. I. :

" All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*"

The idea expressed by Cominius occurs also in the 8th Iliad,  
442 :

Αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς

"Εξετο.——

In the translation of which passage Mr. Pope was perhaps in-  
debted to Shakspeare :

" Th' eternal Thunderer *sat throned in gold.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :] This is ap-  
parently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him,  
read :

Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

“ Bound with an oath *not* yield to *new* conditions.”  
They might have read more smoothly :

“ ——— to yield *no* new conditions.”

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something out. I should read :

“ ——— What he would do,

“ He sent in writing after ; what he would not,

“ Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions. —”

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this : ‘ To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain.’ JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text—the reading, “ *in* his conditions,” instead of “ *to* his conditions.”—To *yield*, in this place, means to *relax*, and is used in the same sense, in the next scene but one, by Coriolanus himself, where, speaking of Menenius, he says :

“ ——— to grace him only,

“ That thought he could do more, a very little

“ I have *yielded* to :”—

What Cominius means to say, is, “ That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them.”

The additional negative which Hamner and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense ; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions*. M. MASON.

“ What he would do,” i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. “ What he would not,” i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome's mechanics*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows :

Cor. “ ——— if you'd ask, remember this before ;

“ The things I have forsworn to grant may never

“ Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

“ *Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*

“ Again with Rome's mechanicks.”— HENLEY.

For mercy to his country<sup>2</sup>. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*

I believe two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. See vol. ix. p. 5, n. 3. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring to these words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother and his wife;

Who as I hear mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country.—] *Unless his mother and wife*,—do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read:

“*Force* mercy to his country.—”

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus:

“—— mean to solicit him

“For mercy to his country—Therefore, &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Cominius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read:

“So that all hope his vain,

“Unless *in his* noble mother and his wife,” &c.

*In his*, abbreviated *in's*, might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of the passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation,—You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—instead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. M. MASON.

That this passage has been considered as difficult, surprizes me. Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*.

MALONE.

## SCENE II.

An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome.  
The Guard at their Stations.

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back<sup>3</sup>.

MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by  
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence<sup>4</sup>?

MEN. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our  
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks<sup>5</sup>,

For an explanation of the word *unless* in this sense, see H. Tooke's *ETIENNAITEPOENTA*, vol. i. p. 161. BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> Stand and go back.] This defective measure might be completed by reading—"Stand, and go back *again*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> FROM whence?] As the word—*from* is not only needless, but injures the measure, it might be fairly omitted, being probably caught by the compositor's eye from the speech immediately following. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — LOTS to blanks,] A *lot* here is a *prize*. JOHNSON.

*Lot*, in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. S. W.

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touched their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its

My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

MEN.

I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover<sup>6</sup> : I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read<sup>7</sup>  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;  
For I have ever verified my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity<sup>8</sup>

name from thence. So, in the Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: " Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The *lots* were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small ; which certainly is not his meaning.

MALONE.

*Lots to blanks* is a phrase equivalent to another in King Richard III. :

" All the world to nothing." STEEVENS.

6 Thy general is my LOVER :] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See vol. v. p. 99, n. 4. MALONE.

7 The book of his good acts, whence men have read, &c.] So, in Pericles :

" Her face the book of praises, where is read," &c.

Again, in Macbeth :

" Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

" May read," &c. STEEVENS.

8 For I have ever VERIFIED my friends,

— with all the size that VERITY, &c.] To *verify*, is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, " he brought false witnesses to *verify* his title." Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony than truth*, and only meant to say, " I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer."

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished* ; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in possession of the late Duchess of Northum-

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,  
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground <sup>9</sup>,  
 I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise  
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing<sup>1</sup> : Therefore,  
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

I G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

berland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 279, 3d edit. :

"In hys scheld did schyne a mone *veryfying* her light."

STEEVENS.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is : "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth : I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — upon a SUBTLE ground,] *Subtle* means *smooth, level*. So, Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques :

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

*Subtle*, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*?

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and in his praise

Have, almost, STAMP'D the LEASING :] i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2 Guard :

"Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have—."

*Leasing* occurs in our translation of the Bible. See Psalm iv. 2.

HENLEY.

"Have, almost, *stamp'd* the *leasing*." I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans<sup>2</sup> of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters<sup>3</sup>, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant<sup>4</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

<sup>2</sup> — EASY groans —] i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

“ — these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the virginal PALMS of your daughters,] The adjective *virginal* is used in Woman is a Weathercock, 1612:

“ Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears.”

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ix.:

“ She to them made with mildness *virginal*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

“ — tears *virginal*

“ Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a decayed DOTANT —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read—*dotard*. STEEVENS.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion <sup>5</sup>, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant <sup>6</sup> cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him <sup>7</sup>, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod <sup>8</sup> about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The

<sup>5</sup> — companion,] See p. 162, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — a JACK GUARDANT—] This term is equivalent to one still in use—a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — guess but BY my entertainment with him,] [Old copy —but.] I read: Guess *by* my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had proposed the same emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

The same correction had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The glorious gods sit in hourly synod, &c.] So, in Pericles: "The senate house of planets all did sit," &c. STEEVENS.



good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*COR.* Away!

*MEN.* How! away?

*COR.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others : Though I owe My revenge properly<sup>9</sup>, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee<sup>1</sup>,

Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome : yet thou behold'st——

*AUF.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFID.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power : You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent<sup>2</sup> for keeping your greatness back?

<sup>9</sup> — Though I owe

My revenge properly,] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — FOR I lov'd thee,] i. e. because. So, in *Othello* :

“ — Haply, *for* I am black—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — how we are SHENT —] *Shent* is brought to destruction.

JOHNSON.

*Shent* does not mean brought to destruction, but *shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of himself*. See the old ballad of The Heir of Linne, in the second volume of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* :

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself<sup>3</sup>, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

#### The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business<sup>4</sup>.

AUF. Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against

“Sorely *shent* with this rebuke

“Sorely *shent* was the heir of Linne;

“His heart, I wis, was near-to-brast

“With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.” PERCY.

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders to *shend*, *increpo*. It is so used by many of our old writers.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — by himself,] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — how plainly

I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly*, how remotely from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

The general suit of Rome ; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, ✕  
Loved me above the measure of a father ;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him : for whose old love <sup>5</sup>, I have  
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more ; a very little  
I have yielded too : Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !  
All bond and privilege of nature, break !  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes <sup>6</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> — for whose old love,] We have a corresponding expression in King Lear :

“ — to whose young love

“ The vines of France,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — those doves' eyes.] So, in the Canticles, v. 12 : “ — his eyes are as the eyes of doves.” Again, in the Interpretacion of the Names of Goddes and Goddesses, &c. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde : He speaks of Venus :

“ Cryspe was her skyn, her eyen columbyne.” STEEVENS.

Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am  
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;  
As if Olympus to a molehill<sup>7</sup> should  
In supplication nod : and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*VIR.* My lord and husband !

*COR.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

*VIR.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so<sup>8</sup>.

*COR.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace<sup>9</sup>. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !

<sup>7</sup> OLYMPUS to a MOLEHILL —] This idea might have been caught from a line in the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia* :

“ What judge you doth a *hillocke* shew, by the lofty  
*Olympus* ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.] *Virgilia* makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, “ These eyes are not the same,” meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Cor.* Like a DULL ACTOR now,

I have FORGOT MY PART, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet :

“ As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,

“ Who with his fear is *put beside his part*——.”

MALONE.

Now by the jealous queen of heaven<sup>1</sup>, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate<sup>2</sup>,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

*VOL.*

O, stand up bless'd !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee ; and improperly  
 Show duty, as mistaken all the while  
 Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

*COR.*

What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach<sup>3</sup>  
 Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

<sup>1</sup> Now by the jealous queen of heaven,] That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> I PRATE,] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Othello* : “ I *prattle* out of fashion.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — on the HUNGRY beach —] The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

“ — mine is all as *hungry* as the *sea*.” MALONE.

I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach.

MALONE.

The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolific* beach. Every writer on husbandry speaks of *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel ; and what is more barren than the sands on the sea shore ? If it be necessary to seek for a more recondite meaning,—the shore, on which vessels are stranded, is as *hungry* for shipwrecks, as the waves that cast them on the shore. *Littus avarum*. Shakspeare, on this occasion, meant to represent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object*. STEEVENS.

*VOL.* Thou art my warrior ;  
 I help to frame thee <sup>4</sup>. Do you know this lady ?  
*COR.* The noble sister of Publicola <sup>5</sup>,  
 The moon of Rome <sup>6</sup> ; chaste as the icicle <sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> I HELP to frame thee.] Old copy—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many instances, in which corruptions have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The noble sister of Publicola,] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors ; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> The MOON of Rome ;] Menenius uses the same complimentary language to the ladies, p. 62 : "How now, my fair as noble ladies, and (*the moon*, were she earthly, *no nobler*,)" BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> — chaste as the ICICLE, &c.] I cannot forbear to cite the following beautiful passage from Shirley's Gentleman of Venice, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted :

" — thou art chaste

" As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

" Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

" Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

Some Roman lady of the name of Valeria, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in The Dialoges of Creatures moralysed, bl. l. no date : "The secounde was called Valeria : and when inquysicion was made of her for what Cawse she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde," &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*curdled* ; but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in All's Well That Ends Well : "I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood." We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed*, *polluted with mud*.

Again, in Cymbeline :

" That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him."

MALONE.

I believe, both *curdied*, *muddied*, &c. are mere false spellings of

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

*VOL.* This is a poor epitome of yours<sup>8</sup>,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*COR.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove<sup>9</sup>, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st  
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw<sup>1</sup>,  
And saving those that eye thee !

*VOL.* Your knee, sirrah.

*COR.* That's my brave boy.

*VOL.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*COR.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks :—Tell me not

*curded, muddled, &c.* *Muddled* is spelt, as at present, in *The Tempest*, first folio, p. 13, col. 2, three lines from the bottom ; and so is *crafted*, in *Coriolanus*, first fol. p. 24, col. 2.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — epitome of YOURS,] I read :

“ — epitome of *you*.”

*An epitome of you*, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> With the consent of supreme Jove,] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> Like a great sea-mark, standing every FLAW,] That is, every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet :

“ O no ! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,

“ *That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*” MALONE.

Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*VOL.* O, no more, no more !  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request<sup>1</sup>, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

*COR.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*VOL.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> That, if YOU FAIL in our request,] That is, if you fail to grant us our request ; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we* ; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.] “ The speeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus, may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in Catiline, of Ben Jonson's.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia ; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

“ If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us : making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natieue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also : but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the



And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which  
                   should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
                   comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake<sup>3</sup> with fear and  
                   sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we,  
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles through our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed

bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children,  
 to forgoe the one of the two : either to lose the persone of thy  
 selfe, or the nurse of their natiue countrie. For my selfe (my  
 sonne) I am determind not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe  
 make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, ra-  
 ther to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye  
 the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite  
 of warres ; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt  
 no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote  
 shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into  
 this world." FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> Constrains them weep, and shake —] That is, *constrains* the  
 eye to *weep*, and the heart to *shake*. JOHNSON.

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
 These wars determine<sup>4</sup>: if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

VIR. Ay, and mine<sup>5</sup>,  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

BOY. He shall not tread on me ;  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
 I have sat too long. [Rising.

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus.  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn  
 us,  
 As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit  
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces  
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd* ; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd* ; and each in either side  
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*  
*For making up this peace!* Thou knows't, great  
 son,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

<sup>4</sup> These wars DETERMINE:] i. e. conclude, end. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

“ Till thy friend sickness have *determin'd* me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — and ON mine,] *On* was supplied by some former editor, [Mr. Capell] to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

Unnecessarily, if word, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's canon, is used as a dissyllable. See vol. iv. p. 31, and p. 137. BOSWELL.

Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;  
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;*  
*Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :  
 Thou hast affected the fine strains <sup>6</sup> of honour,  
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
 And yet to charge thy sulphur <sup>7</sup> with a bolt  
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?  
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :  
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the  
                   world  
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me  
                   prate  
 Like one i' the stocks <sup>8</sup>. Thou hast never in thy  
                   life  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

<sup>6</sup> — the fine strains —] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*; another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. See vol. v. p. 294, n. 9. See also vol. vii. p. 176, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And yet to CHARGE thy sulphur —] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of The Shrew*, Act III. Sc. I. *charge* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> Like one i' the stocks.] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :  
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition <sup>9</sup> with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

COR. O mother, mother <sup>1</sup> !

[*Holding VOLUMENI by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

<sup>9</sup> Does reason our petition —] Does *argue* for us and our petition. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> O mother, mother !] So in the old translation of Plutarch :  
 “ Oh mother, what have you done to me ? And holding her  
 harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne  
 a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for  
 your sonne : for I see myself vanquished by you alone.”

STEEVENS.

Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

AUF. I was mov'd withal.

COR. I dare be sworn, you were :  
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

AUF. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and  
thy honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune <sup>2</sup>. [Aside.

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

COR. Ay, by and by ;

[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.

But we will drink together <sup>3</sup> ; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you <sup>4</sup> : all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

<sup>2</sup> — I'll work

Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — DRINK together ;] Perhaps we should read—*think*.

FARMER.

Our author, in King Henry IV. Part II. having introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation :

“ Let's *drink together* friendly and embrace— ;”  
the text may be allowed to stand : though at the expence of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> To have a temple built you :] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

Rome. A Publick Place.

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*MEN.* See you yond' coign o' the Capitol ; yond' corner-stone ?

*SIC.* Why, what of that ?

*MEN.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution<sup>6</sup>.

*SIC.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

*MEN.* There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

*SIC.* He loved his mother dearly.

*MEN.* So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse<sup>7</sup>. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state<sup>8</sup>, as a thing made

<sup>6</sup> — stay UPON execution.] i. e. stay but *for* it. So, in Macbeth :

“Worthy Macbeth, we stay *upon* your leisure.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — than an eight year old horse.] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> He sits in his STATE, &c.] In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold*. The phrase, “as a thing made for Alexander,” means, ‘as one made to resemble Alexander.’ JOHNSON.

for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*SIC.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*MEN.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*SIC.* The gods be good unto us!

*MEN.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*SIC.* What's the news?

*MESS.* Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*SIC.* Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*MESS.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

His *state* means his *chair of state*. See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 195, n. 9; and vol xi. p. 164, n. 5.

MALONE.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates<sup>9</sup>. Why, hark  
you ;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you !

[*Shouting again.*

MEN.

This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land-full : You have pray'd well to-day ;  
This morning for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and Musick.*

SIC. First, the gods bless you for their tidings :  
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

MESS.

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

<sup>9</sup> Ne'er THROUGH AN ARCH so hurried the BLOWN TIDE,  
As the recomforted through the gates.] So, in our author's  
Rape of Lucrece :

" As through an arch the violent roaring tide

" Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste."

Blown in the text is *swell'd*. So in Antony and Cleopatra :

" — here on her breast

" There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays :

" My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide." STEEVENS.



*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-  
cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *SEN.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before  
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

*ALL.* Welcome, ladies !  
Welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*  
*[Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

Antium. A Publick Place.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*AUF.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :  
Deliver them this paper : having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
Even in theirs' and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse <sup>1</sup>,  
The city ports <sup>2</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping

<sup>1</sup> — HIM I accuse, &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—“ *He* I accuse—.”  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — ports —] See p. 45, n. 2. STEEVENS.

To purge himself with words : Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.*

Most welcome !

1 *CON.* How is it with our general ?

*AUF.* Even so,  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *CON.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*AUF.* Sir, I cannot tell ;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *CON.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*AUF.* I know it ;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so height-  
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *CON.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*AUF.* That I would have spoke of :  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;  
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;  
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
 My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments  
 In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,  
 Which he did end all his<sup>3</sup> ; and took some pride  
 To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,  
 I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and  
 He wag'd me with his countenance<sup>4</sup>, as if  
 I had been mercenary.

1 *CON.* So he did, my lord :  
 The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
 When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd  
 For no less spoil, than glory,——

<sup>3</sup> Which he did *END* all his ;] In Johnson's edition it was :  
 " Which he did *make* all his ;" which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

*End* is the reading of the old copy, and was chang'd into *make* by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> He *WAG'D* me with his countenance,] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he 'prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.' JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638 :

" —— I receive thee gladly to my house,

" And *wage* thy stay."——

Again, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1593 : " — by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price."

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*. So, in George Withers's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

" Good speed befall thee who has *wag'd a task*,

" That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, book ii. c. vii. :

" —— must *wage*

" Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168 : " — the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men."

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 15 :

" Therefore Gy of Burgoyne

" Myne owen nevewe so trewe,

" Take a thousande pound of ffanks fyne

" To *wage wyth* the pepul newe." STEEVENS.

*AUF.* There was it ;—  
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd<sup>5</sup> upon him.  
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
 Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,  
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts  
 of the People.*]

1 *CON.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
 And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 *CON.* And patient fools,  
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
 tear,  
 With giving him glory.

3 *CON.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
 Ere he express himself, or move the people  
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
 Which we will second. When he lies along,  
 After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
 His reasons with his body.

*AUF.* Say no more ;  
 Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*LORDS.* You are most welcome home.

*AUF.* I have not deserv'd it.  
 But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
 What I have written to you<sup>6</sup> ?

<sup>5</sup> For which my sinews shall be stretch'd —] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> What I have written to you ?] If the unnecessary words—*to you*, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the metre will become sufficiently regular :

“ What I have written ?

“ *Lords.*

We have.

“ 1 *Lord.*

And grieve to hear it.”

STEEVENS.

LORDS.

We have.

1 LORD.

And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,  
 Might have found easy fines : but there to end,  
 Where he was to begin ; and give away  
 The benefit of our levies, answering us  
 With our own charge<sup>7</sup> ; making a treaty, where  
 There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a  
 Croud of Citizens with him.*

COR. Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;  
 No more infected with my country's love,  
 Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
 Under your great command. You are to know,  
 That prosperously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
 home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the Antiates,  
 Than shame to the Romans : And we here deliver,  
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

AUF.

Read it not, noble lords ;

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor !—How now ?—

AUF.

Ay, traitor, Marcius !

COR.

Marcius !

<sup>7</sup> — answering us

With our own charge ;] That is 'rewarding us with our  
 own expences : making the cost of war its recompence.'

*AUF.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt<sup>8</sup>, your city Rome  
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*COR.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*AUF.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

*COR.* Ha!

*AUF.* No more<sup>9</sup>.

*COR.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave  
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that  
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

1 *LORD.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

<sup>8</sup> For certain drops of salt,] For certain tears. So, in King Lear:

“Why this would make a man, a man of salt.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Auf.* No more.] This should rather be given to the *first Lord*. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

It appears to me that by these words *Aufidius* does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell *Coriolanus* that he was *no more* than a “boy of tears.” M. MASON.

*COR.* Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli :  
Alone I did it.—Boy !

*AUF.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

*CON.* Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

*CIT.* [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to  
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son ;—my  
daughter ;—He killed my cousin Marcus ;—He  
killed my father.—

2 *LORD.* Peace, ho ;—no outrage :—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth<sup>1</sup>. His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing<sup>2</sup>.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*COR.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword !

*AUF.* Insolent villain !

*CON.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill  
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands  
on him.*]

<sup>1</sup> — his fame FOLDS IN

This orb o' the earth.] His fame overspreads the world.

JOHNSON.

So, before :

“ The fires i' the lowest hell *fold in* the people.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — JUDICIOUS hearing.] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial* ; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus *imperious* is used by our author for *imperial*. STEEVENS.

*LORDS.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*AUF.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 LORD.* O Tullus,—

*2 LORD.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.

*3 LORD.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet ;

Put up your swords.

*AUF.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*1 LORD.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn<sup>3</sup>.

*2 LORD.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*AUF.* My rage is gone ;  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be  
one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,

<sup>3</sup> — that ever HERALD

Did follow to his urn.] This allusion is to a custom unknown,  
I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of  
English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the  
style of the deceased. STEEVENS.



Yet he shall have a noble memory <sup>4</sup>.—

Assist. [*Ereunt, bearing the Body of Coriolanus. A dead March sounded* <sup>5</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> — a noble MEMORY.] *Memory for memorial.* See p. 166, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> The tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

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*Men.* Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain.] [Page 12.] Mr. Malone has most ingeniously shown that the *heart* here signifies the *seat of the brain*, that is, of the understanding; and this is conformable to the old philosophy. Thus our English Pliny, Bartholomew Glanville, informs us from Aristotle, that the substance of the brain being cold, it is placed before the well of heat, which is, the heart; and that small veins proceed from the heart, of which is made a marvellous caul wherein the brain is wrapped. *De propr. rerum*, lib. v. c. 3. On this ground, the heart has been very appositely made the seat of reason; and accordingly in another place, Glanville tells us that in the heart is “all business and knowing.”

If the above able commentator be right in his chronology of this play, and there appears to be no reason for doubting that he is so, the present lines must have been imitated by a contemporary writer of great ability and poetical talents, though undeservedly obscure. This is W. Parkes, who calls himself a student of Barnard's Inn. In his work entitled *The Curtaine-drawer of the World*, 1612, 4to. he has two passages which bear so strong a resemblance, that a mere coincidence of thought is entirely out of the question. This is the first, in p. 6: “If any vice arise from the court, as from the head, it immediately discends to the cittie, as the heart, from thence drawes downe to the country, as the heele: and so like an endlesse issue or theame, runs through the whole land.” The other is in p. 13: “For whereas that member was ordained for a light and window, and as a true interpreter to expresse and expound the consultations, and counceils, and purposes of that hidden dumbe and secret privy-councillour that sits within the throne and breast and bosome of every living

man, it many times doth belye, and forge and flatter, and speaks then most faire when the deepest deceit and treachery is intended: not the foot, nor the finger, nor the whole hand: no not the whole body, nor all the members thereof, either severally, by themselves, or joyntly together (this one onely excepted) that doth so stretch and draw, and finger, and fold and unfold this curtaine canopy to the daily use and deceit of itselfe and others, as it alone doth."

It is rather extraordinary that none of Shakspeare's commentators should have noticed the skilful manner in which he has diversified and expanded the well known apologue of *the belly and the members*, the origin of which it may be neither unentertaining nor unprofitable to investigate, as well as the manner in which it has been used, and by whom.

The composition has been generally ascribed to Menenius Agrippa; but as it occurs in a very ancient collection of Æsopian fables, there may be as much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop as there is for making him the parent of many others. The first person who has introduced Menenius as reciting this fable is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, book 6. Then follow Livy, lib. 2; Plutarch, in the life of Coriolanus; Florus, lib. i. cap. 23; each of whom gives it in his own manner. During the middle ages there appeared a collection of Latin fables in hexameter verse, that has agitated the opinions of the learned to little purpose in their endeavours to ascertain the real name of the compiler or versifier. He has been called Romulus, Accius and Salo. Nor is the time when he lived at all known. These fables are sometimes called *anonymous*, and have been published in various forms. An excellent edition by Nilant appeared in 1709, 12mo. Many of them were translated into French verse in the eleventh century by a French lady who calls herself Marie de France, in which form they have been happily preserved with many others extremely curious composed by the same ingenious person, on whose life and writings a most valuable memoir has been communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, by the author's truly learned and amiable friend the Abbé Gervase de la Rue, professor of history in the university of Caen. William Herman of Gouda, in Holland, reduced them into Latin prose about the year 1500, omitting some, and adding others. The works of Romulus and Herman of Gouda, have been published in a great variety of forms and languages, and constitute the set of Æsopian fables which commences with that of the cock and the precious stone; in all which the apologue of the belly and the [members is to be found, and sometimes with considerable variation. What Camden has given is from John of Salisbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry the Second, and professes to have received it from Pope Hadrian IV. See his Polycraticon, sive de

nugis curialium, l. vi. c. 24. Camden has omitted the latter part; and the learned reader will do well to consult the original, where he will find some verses by Q. Serenus Sammonicus, a physician in the reign of Caracalla, that allude to the fable. John of Salisbury has himself composed two hundred Latin lines *De membris conspirantibus*, which are in the *first edition* of his *Polycraticon* printed at Brussels, without date, about 1470. These were reprinted by Andreas Rivinus at Leipsic, 1655, 8vo; and likewise at the end of the fourth volume of Fabricius's *Bibliotheca mediæ et infimæ ætatis*, Hamburg, 1735, 8vo. They are, most probably, the lines which are called in Sinner's catalogue of the MSS. at Berne, "*Carmen Ovidii de altercatione ventris et artuum*," vol. iii. p. 116. Nor was this fable unknown in the Eastern world. Syntipas, a Persian fabulist, has placed it in his work, published, for the first time, from a MS. at Moscow, by Matthæus, Lips. 1781, 8vo. Lafontaine has related it in his own inimitable manner; and, lastly, the editor of Baskerville and Dodsley's *Æsop* has given it in a style not inferior perhaps to that of any of his predecessors. DOUCE.



# WINTER'S TALE.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

“ Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy’s child,  
“ Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers’ Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered  
“ A booke entitled A Wynter Nyght’s Pastime.” STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia, whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called .....	Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia .....	Pandosto
Mamillius P. of Sicilia .....	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia .....	Dorastus.
Camillo .....	Franion.
Old Shepherd .....	Porrus.
Hermione .....	Bellaria.
Perdita .....	Faunia.
Mopsa .....	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet’s own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by “ some of great name,” means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: “ Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names Pericles as our author’s production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter’s Tale*, *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment.” Mr.

Pope, in the Preface to the edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us: "I should conjecture (says he,) of some of the others, particularly Love's Labour's Lost, The Winter's Tale, Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than The Winter's Tale. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his Defence of Poesy, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of Gorboduc, he adds: "But if it be so in Gorboducke, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdoms, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, *nor a nest of antiques?* [i. e. anticks]. He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sence; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, The Winter's Tale was not printed. These words, therefore, are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1611. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He

would have us read *Bythinia* : but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play ; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia “delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions ;” and my Lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “*upon the sea?*”—There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil ; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says :

“ ———— for honour,

“ 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

“ And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy ; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says : “*She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the King :

“ ———— 'Tis yours ;

“ And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

“ So like you tis the worse.”—

The *Winter's tale* was therefore in reality a second part of Henry the Eighth. WALPOLE.

I confess I am very sceptical as to these supposed allusions by



Shakspeare to the history of his own time. If the plots of his plays had been of his own invention, he might possibly have framed them with a view of that kind ; but this was unquestionably not the case with the play before us ; and if any one had intended a courtly defence of Queen Elizabeth's mother, it must have been Greene, and not Shakspeare. Garinter, the Manilius of our poet, dies under the same circumstances, in the novel ; nor is it, as Mr. Walpole seemed to suppose, an unnecessary incident, because it fulfils the declaration of the oracle, ' that if the child which was lost could not be found, the king would die without an heir.' To say that a child resembles her father is surely not so uncommon a remark as to make it evident that it had reference to a particular individual ; nor is there any thing very courtly or complimentary in Paulina's angry allusion to the old proverb.

BOSWELL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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LEONTES, King of Sicilia :

MAMILLIUS, his Son.

CAMILLO,  
ANTIGONUS, } Sicilian Lords.  
CLEOMENES, }  
DION, }

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia :

FLORIZEL, his Son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a Lady, } Attending the Queen.  
Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.  
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a Dance ;  
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

*SCENE*, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

# WINTER'S TALE.

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## ACT I. SCENE I

Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*ARCH.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

*CAM.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*ARCH.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us<sup>1</sup>, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

*CAM.* 'Beseech you,—

*ARCH.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*CAM.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*ARCH.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*CAM.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their

<sup>1</sup> — our entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation o' their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied<sup>2</sup>, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds<sup>3</sup>. The heavens continue their loves !

*ARCH.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*CAM.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physicks the subject<sup>4</sup>, makes old hearts fresh : they,

<sup>2</sup> — royally attornied,] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — shook hands, as over a vast ; and embraced as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.] Thus the folio, 1623. The folio, 1632 :—" over a *vast sea*." I have since found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the same correction ; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* was the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, as in Pericles, Prince of Tyre :

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in Macbeth. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — PHYSICKS the subject,] Affords a cordial to the state ; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*ARCH.* Would they else be content to die ?

*CAM.* Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*ARCH.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Same.    A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*POL.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*LEON.* Stay your thanks awhile ;  
And pay them when you part.

*POL.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow  
No sneaping winds<sup>5</sup> at home, to make us say,

So, in Macbeth :

"The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — THAT MAY BLOW

No sneaping winds —] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense* ; and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens, however, to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh ! that*—is not uncommon. In an old translation of the famous Alcoran of the Franciscans : " St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers !" And in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* :

*This is put forth too truly* <sup>6</sup> ! Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then : and  
in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

POL. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world,

So soon as you'rs, could win me : so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,  
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
until  
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,  
sir,  
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,

“ — In thy rumination,

“ *That* I poor man might eftsoons come between ! ”

And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage  
in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ *That* runaway's eyes may wink ! ”

Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.

FARMER.

“ — SNEAPING winds.” *Nipping* winds. So, in Gawin Douglas's  
Translation of Virgil's *Eneid*. Prologue of the *seuynth Booke* :

“ Scharp soppis of sleit, and of the *snypband* snaw.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, ‘I had  
too good reason for my fears concerning what might happen in  
my absence from home.’ MALONE.

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction <sup>7</sup>  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

LEON.

Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his son, were  
 strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
 Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll ad-  
 venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission <sup>8</sup>,  
 To let him there a month, behind the gest <sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — this satisfaction —] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — I'll give HIM my commission,] We should read:

“ — I'll give *you* my commission.”

The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, shows the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

“ I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month,” &c. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself*: then the meaning will be: “ I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month,” &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity—“ I'll give *you* my commission,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — behind the GEST —] Mr. Theobald says: *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just*: But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of royal progresses the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

In Strype's Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer, p. 283,—The Archbishop entreats Cecil, “ to let him have the new resolved upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was.”

Again, in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1594:

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Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good deed <sup>1</sup>, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock <sup>2</sup> behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will ?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
oaths,  
Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,  
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is

“ Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

“ Have in their *gests* resolv'd for Oxford town.”

Again, in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ — Do, like the *gests* in the progress,

“ You know where you shall find me.” STEEVENS

*Gests*, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE

<sup>1</sup> — yet, GOOD-DEED,] Signifies, *indeed*, in *very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed*, is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—good *heed*, which, I believe is right.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — a JAR o' the clock —] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock : what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *King Richard II.* :

“ My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they *jar*.”

STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 241. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick* ; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. iv. st. 107 ; edit. 1609 : “ He *hears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*.” HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1601 :—“ the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke striking twelve.” MALONE.



As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,  
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
                   you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,  
 One of them you shall be.

*POL.* Your guest then, madam:  
 To be your prisoner, should import offending;  
 Which is for me less easy to commit,  
 Than you to punish.

*HER.* Not your gaoler then,  
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
                   boys;  
 You were pretty lordings<sup>3</sup> then.

*POL.* We were, fair queen,  
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
 And to be boy eternal.

*HER.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the  
                   two?

*POL.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
                   i' the sun,  
 And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,  
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *lordings* —] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the host says to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

“*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The DOCTRINE of ill-doing, nor dream'd —] *Doctrine* is here used as a trisyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the second folio inserted the word *no*, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, [*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the subsequent editions.

MALONE.

That any did : Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
                                  heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours <sup>5</sup>.

*HER.*                               By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

*POL.*                               O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*HER.*                               Grace to boot !  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say <sup>6</sup>,

I cannot suppose myself to be reading a verse, unless I adopt the emendation of the second folio. STEEVENS.

Pronounce *doctrine* as a trisyllable according to the canon laid down by Mr. Tyrwhitt, vol. iv. p. 137, which Mr. Steevens has frequently adopted, and lay the emphasis on *ill* (ill-doing), and the verse is perfect. BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> — the imposition clear'd,

Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *original sin* ; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> Grace to boot !

Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say, &c.] Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them* ; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of *temptations* she replies, " Grace to boot ! " i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. " Grace to boot," was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, &c. WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right ; but I have no great faith in the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation.

Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;  
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
 With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet ?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request, he would not.  
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
 To better purpose.

HER. Never ?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't  
 before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make  
 us

As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying  
 tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal<sup>7</sup> ;—

*Grace or Heaven help me!*—Do not argue in that manner ; do not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your Queen and me ; for, as you have said that in the period between childhood and the present time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong against us, as your corrupters, and, “ by that kind of chase,” your Queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;] Thus this passage has been always printed ; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, “ But to the goal,” meant, “ but to come to the purpose ; ” but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus :

“ ————— ere

“ With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.”

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing ; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.



Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;

The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.

LEON.

Too hot, too hot : [Aside.

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on ; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom <sup>1</sup>,

And well become the agent : it may, I grant :

But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,

As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer <sup>2</sup> ; O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy ?

MAM.

Ay, my good lord.

LEON.

I' fecks <sup>3</sup> ?

<sup>9</sup> It is GRACE, indeed !] Referring to what she had just said—  
"O, would her name were *Grace* !" MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — from BOUNTY, fertile bosom,] I suppose that a letter  
dropped out at the press, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile  
bosom. MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the  
earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. In the same strain  
is the address of Timon of Athens :

"Thou common mother, thou,

"Whose—infinite *breast*

"*Teems and feeds all* !" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> The MORT o' the deer ;] A lesson upon the horn at the  
death of the deer. THEOBALD.

So, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608 : "—He that bloweth  
the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his  
fees." Again, in the oldest copy of Chevy Chase :

"The blew a *mort* uppone the bent." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I fecks ?—] A supposed corruption of—in *faith*. Our pre-  
sent vulgar pronounce it—*fecks*. STEEVENS.

Why, that's my bawcock<sup>4</sup>. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat<sup>5</sup>; not neat, but cleanly, captain: And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling<sup>6</sup>

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf? Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> Why, that's my BAWCOCK.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in Twelfth-Night, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of King Henry the Fifth. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> We must be neat:] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, "We must be neat:" then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, "not neat, but cleanly."

JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 3:

"His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of *neat*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — Still virginalling —] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

So, in Decker's Satiromastix, or the Untrussing of the humorous Poet, 1602:

"When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of one of us."

Again, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down

"Like *virginal jacks*?" STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Thou want'st a rough PASH, and the SHOOTs that I have,] *Pash*, (says Sir T. Hanmer,) is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish, i. e. "thou

To be full like me<sup>8</sup> :—yet, they say, we are  
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
That will say any thing : But were they false

want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with." *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brained boy, is, however, called a mad *pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies—"to make thee a *calf* thou must have the *tuft* on thy forehead and the *young horns* that *shoot* up in it, as I have." Leontes asks the Prince :

" — How now, you wanton *calf*!

" Art thou my *calf*?

" *Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

" *Leon.* Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have,

" To be full like me."

To *pash* signifies to *push* or *dash against*, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus, Drayton :

" They either poles their heads together *pasht*."

Again, in *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602, 4to.:

" — learn *pash* and knock, and beat and mall,

" Cleave pates and caputs."

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, the verb *pash* also occurs :

" — waving his beam

" Upon the *pashed* corses of the kings

" Epistrophus and Cedius."

And again, (as Mr. Henley on another occasion observes,) in *The Virgin Martyr* :

" — when the battering ram

" Were fetching his career backward, to *pash*

" Me with *his horns* to pieces." STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning, therefore, of the present passage, I suppose, is this : " You tell me, (says Leontes to his son,) that you are like me ; that you are my calf. I am the *horned bull* : thou wantest the *rough head* and the *horns* of that animal, completely to resemble your father." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> To be FULL like me :] *Full* is here, as in other places, used by our author, adverbially :—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.





Thou dost make possible, things not so held <sup>5</sup>,  
 Communicat'st with dreams ;— (How can this  
                   be ?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent <sup>6</sup>,  
 'Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou  
                   dost ;

(And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)  
 And that to the infection of my brains,  
 And hardening of my brows.

line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority :

“ Imagination ! thou dost stab to the center.”

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not sure that I understand the reading I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ ————— *affection*,

“ Mistress of passion, sways it,” &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, “ when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitations of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or in Shakspeare's language,—“ stabs him to the center.” STEEVENS.

*Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention, or of desire ; and is used in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says—“ She did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy *intention*,” &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately : “ the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea.” And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Thou dost make possible, things not so held,] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — credent,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. V. :

“ For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.” STEEVENS.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?<sup>7</sup>

HER. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord<sup>8</sup>?

LEON. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite<sup>9</sup> its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous<sup>1</sup>.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash<sup>2</sup>, this gentleman:— Mine honest  
friend,

Will you take eggs for money<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>7</sup> What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hamner had made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Are you mov'd, my lord?] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in Othello:

"Iago. I see my Lord, you are mov'd.

"Othel. No, not much mov'd, not much." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — my dagger MUZZLED,

Lest it should bite —] So, in King Henry VIII.:

"This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I

"Have not the power to muzzle him."

Again, in Much Ado about Nothing: "I am trusted with a muzzle." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> As ORNAMENTS oft do, too DANGEROUS.] So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

"To a most dangerous sea." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> This SQUASH.] A squash is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> Will you take eggs for money?] This seems to be a pro-

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole<sup>4</sup>!—  
My brother,

verbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckowed*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, 'will you put up affronts?' The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendes vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. "Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight." SMITH.

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have *eggs for my money*; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their money*." *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealthis thorow-out the World*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here. REED.

In *A Method for Travell*. Shewed by taking the view of France as it stode in the yeere of our Lord 1593, by Robert Dallington, no date, we meet with the very sentence quoted by Mr. Reed, given as a translation from the French. This is the original: "*L'infanterie Francoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la Cavellerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle s'accomode*."

BOSWELL.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—'Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money, and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it?' This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money*, seems to be what, in *As You Like It*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The following passage in *Campion's History of Ireland*, folio,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours ?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
He makes a July's day short as December ;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;  
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :

1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage ; and shows that by the words—"Will you take eggs for money," was meant, 'Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled, or imposed upon?'—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never be had ; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad to take eggs for his money, and to bring him in at leisure."

These words make part of the defence of the Earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage "to take eggs for his money," undoubtedly means 'to be trifled with, or to be imposed upon.'

"For money" means 'in the place of money.' "Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?" MALONE.

"—happy man be his DOLE !] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*." JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614 :

"Had the women puddings to their *dole*?"

See vol. v. p. 389, n. 8. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorably given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See The History of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent <sup>5</sup> to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden : Shall's attend you  
there ?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be  
found,  
Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to !

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
How she holds up the neb <sup>6</sup>, the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband <sup>7</sup> ! Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one <sup>8</sup>.——

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There  
have been,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;

<sup>5</sup> Apparent —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — the neb,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. So, in Anne the Queen of Hungarie, being one of the Tales in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566 : “—the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> To her ALLOWING husband !] *Allowing* in old language is approving. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — a FORK'D one.] That is, a *horned* one ; a *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Othello :

“ Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,  
“ When we do quicken.” MALONE.

And many a man there is, even at this present <sup>9</sup>,  
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour <sup>1</sup>, by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,  
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates  
 open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is  
 none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us  
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

MAM. I am like you, they say <sup>2</sup>.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—  
 What! Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
 man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

<sup>9</sup> — even at THIS PRESENT,] i. e. present time. So, in Macbeth:

“Thy letters have transported me beyond

“*This ignorant present*—;”

See note on this passage, Act I. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And his POND FISH'D by his next neighbour,] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each other's fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. Thus, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 15: “My mother bade me send you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fished her water* all this year.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — THEY say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold :

When you cast out, it still came home <sup>3</sup>.

LEON. Didst note it ?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions ; made His business more material <sup>4</sup>.

LEON. Didst perceive it ?—

They're here with me already <sup>5</sup> ; whispering, rounding <sup>6</sup>,

*Sicilia is a—so-forth* <sup>7</sup> : 'Tis far gone,

<sup>3</sup> — it still came home.] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — made

His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> They're here with me already ;] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

THIRLBY.

<sup>6</sup> — whispering, ROUNDING,] *To round in the ear* is to *whisper*, or to *tell secretly*. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book de Ling Sax. JOHNSON.

The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, 1607 : “ I helped Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses ; lent Pliny ink to write his History ; and rounded Rabelais *in the ear*, when he historified Pantagruel.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ Forthwith revenge *she rounded me i' th' ear*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Sicilia is a—so-forth* :] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say—“ Every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*.” As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line, I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed, that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words, without the break now introduced, are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each

When I shall gust it last<sup>8</sup>.—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay ?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be't: good, should be  
pertinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine ?  
For thy conceit is soaking<sup>9</sup>, will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures ? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes<sup>1</sup>,

other, " Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold, to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold*, from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—and so forth. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) or so forth."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* :

"—with a dish of carraways, and so forth."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man ?" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —gust it—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. *Juv. Sat. x.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —is soaking.] Dr. Grey would read—in soaking; but I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —lower messes.] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. See Anstis, *Ord. Gart. I. App. p. 15*: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the *first messe*." Formerly not only at every great man's table the visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great saltseller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is mentioned in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604: "Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not



Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

CAM. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha ?

CAM. Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why ?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?——satisfy ?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord !

touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a subject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following instance may prove :

" Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones,

" Partly to make a shew with,

" And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating."

*Woman Hater*, Act I. Sc. II.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices : " What table will you be at ? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylyngs, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my household servantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see *The Household Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

LEON. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest :  
 or,  
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;  
 Which hoxes honesty behind <sup>2</sup>, restraining  
 From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted  
 A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent ; or else a fool,  
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake  
 drawn,  
 And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly ; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out  
 Against the non-performance <sup>3</sup>, 'twas a fear

<sup>2</sup> — HOXES honestly behind,] To *hox* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles' History of the Turks :

“ — alighted, and with his sword *hoxed* his horse.”

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament had an act to punish “ *hochares*,” or slayers of horse, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-string. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance,] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—“ the *now*-performance,” which gives us this very reasonable meaning :—“ At the execution

Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,  
 (But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,  
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man, that does not think <sup>4</sup>),

whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it." HEATH.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [Mr. Heath's] because I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himself in the same manner ; but it is clear that he *should* have written, either—"against the performance," or—"for the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author has entangled himself in the same manner : "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend estimation ;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to let him *lack*, should be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear* :

" ————— I have hope  
 " You *less* know how to value her desert,  
 " Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us :

" ————— I ne'er heard yet,  
 " That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
 " *Less* impudence to gain-say what they did,  
 " Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night* :

" Fortune *forbid* my outside have *not* charm'd her ! "

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not think IT,) ] The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is supplied from the folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald, in a Letter subjoined to one edition of *The*

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
 My wife's a hobbyhorse<sup>5</sup>; deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true<sup>6</sup>.

Double Falshood, has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel."—"Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with Mr. Pope, "—that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition. The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, King Henry VIII. MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The present emendation (in my opinion at least,) deserves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, because we know not from what hand they were derived. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone in his former edition had attributed this alteration, by mistake, to the second folio, instead of Mr. Pope; and Mr. Steevens, without examination, caught the opportunity of contending for the value of that copy. BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> — a HOBBY horse:] Old copy—*holy*-horse. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — were sin

As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your suspicion is as great

LEON. Is whispering nothing ?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses<sup>7</sup> ?  
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?  
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?  
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes  
                   blind  
 With the pin and web<sup>8</sup>, but theirs, theirs<sup>9</sup> only,  
 That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?  
 Why, then the world, and all that is in't, is no-  
                   thing ;  
 The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;  
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these no-  
                   things,  
 If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;  
 For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is ; you lie, you lie :  
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;  
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;  
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil  
 Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life, she would not live  
 The running of one glass<sup>1</sup>.

a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — meeting noses ?] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses* ; that is *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — the PIN and WEB,] Disorders in the eye. See King Lear, vol. x. p. 159, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — theirs, theirs —] These words were meant to be pronounced as dissyllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — of one GLASS,] i. e. of one hour-glass. MALONE.

CAM. Who does infect her ?

LEON. Why he, that wears her like his medal<sup>2</sup>,  
 hanging  
 About his neck, Bohemia : Who—if I  
 Had servants true about me : that bare eyes  
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
 Which should undo more doing<sup>3</sup> : Ay, and thou,  
 His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form  
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st  
 see  
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
 How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> —like HIS medal,] The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the MS. In *As You Like It*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought :

“ ————— a loss of her,

“ That like a *jewell* has hung twenty years

“ About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection*, or a *Treatise in Commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford*, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18 :—“ he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*.”—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

I suppose the poet meant to say, ‘ that Polixenes wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.’ Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — more DOING :] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — might'st BESPICE a cup,] So, in Chapman's translation of the tenth book of Homer's *Odyssey* :

“ ————— With a festival

“ She'll first receive thee ; but will *spice* thy bread

“ With flowery *poisons*.”

To give mine enemy a lasting wink<sup>5</sup> ;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison<sup>6</sup> : But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee<sup>7</sup>,——

Again, in the eighteenth book :

“ —— *spice* their pleasure's *cup*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — a lasting WINK ;] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put

“ This ancient morsel.” — STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — with no RASH potion,——

MALICIOUSLY, like poison :] *Rash* is *hasty*, as in *King Henry IV. Part II.* : “ — rash gunpowder.” *Maliciously* is *maliciously*, with effects *openly hurtful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — But I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

So sovereignly being honourable.

I HAVE LOV'D THEE, &c.] The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once loved him.—I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The King, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoked that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries :

“ I've lov'd thee—Make't thy question, and go rot !”

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the Queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the King that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

“ I have lov'd thee,” In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes ; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line :

LEON.                    Make't thy question, and go rot <sup>8</sup> !  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,

“ Make that thy question, and go rot !——I have lov'd thee.”

TYRWHITT.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the King interrupts him by saying : “ Make that thy question,” i. e. ‘ make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it.’ *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure* : “ But in the loss of *question* ;” i. e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet* : “ *questionable* shape” is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As You Like It* : “ an *unquestionable* spirit” is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with.

STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct, and says—“ Make that thy question and go rot.” Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—“ I have lov'd thee,” from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words—“ being honourable,” should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be : ‘ Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.’ However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, “ I have lov'd thee,” from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Make't thy QUESTION, and go rot ! &c.] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the Queen's chastity :

“ ————— I cannot

“ Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress——.”

Not believe it, replies Leontes ; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot ! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as to tor-



To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
 Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,  
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps <sup>9</sup> ?  
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
 Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine ;  
 Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?  
 Could man so blench <sup>1</sup> ?

CAM. I must believe you, sir ;  
 I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :  
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness  
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;  
 Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing  
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
 Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou dost advise me,  
 Even so as I mine own course have set down :  
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,  
 Go then ; and with a countenance as clear  
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
 And with your queen : I am his cupbearer ;  
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
 Account me not your servant.

LEON. This is all :  
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

ment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds ? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Is goads, &c.] Somewhat necessary to the measure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we should read, with Sir T Hanmer:

“ Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of wasps.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Could man so BLEND ?] To *blend* is to *start off*, to *shrink*. So, in Hamlet :

“ — if he do *blend*,

“ I know my course.”—

Leontes means—‘ could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour.’ STEEVENS.

CAM. I'll do't, my lord.

LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [Exit.]

CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find example<sup>2</sup>  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

POL. This is strange! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i' the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

<sup>2</sup> — If I could find example, &c.] An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play, therefore, was written in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

If, as Mr. Blackstone supposes, this be an allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots, it exhibits Shakspeare in the character of a cringing flatterer accommodating himself to existing circumstances, and is moreover an extremely severe one. But the perpetrator of that atrocious murder *did flourish* many years afterwards. May it not rather be designed as a compliment to King James on his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy, an event often brought to the people's recollection during his reign, from the day on which it happened being made a day of thanksgiving? See Osborne's Traditionall Memoyres, and the almanacks of the time under the 5th of August. DOUCE.

*POL.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me<sup>3</sup>; and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*CAM.* I dare not know, my lord.

*POL.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know,  
and dare not  
Be intelligent to me<sup>4</sup>? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*CAM.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*POL.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the  
better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto;

<sup>3</sup> ———— when he

Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;] This is a stroke  
of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment  
before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes,  
according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets  
the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain  
his hatred. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me?] i. e. "do you know, and dare not  
confess to me that you know?" TYRWHITT.

Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle <sup>5</sup>,—I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my know-  
   ledge  
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
 In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
 I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
 Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the  
   least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
 Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
 If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I'll tell you;  
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
 That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my  
   counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
 I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
 Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

POL. On, good Camillo.

<sup>5</sup> In whose SUCCESS we are GENTLE,] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*. JOHNSON.

*Gentle* in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar.”

“In whose *success* we are gentle,” may, indeed, mean ‘in consequence of whose *success* in life,’ &c. STEEVENS.

*Success* seems clearly to have been used for *succession* in Shakespeare, in this, as in other instances. HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the true one. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Plead my *successive* title with your swords.” MALONE.

CAM. I am appointed Him to murder you<sup>6</sup>.

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't<sup>7</sup>,—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

POL. O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best<sup>8</sup>!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,

<sup>6</sup> I am appointed HIM to murder you.] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

By is understood: I am appointed *by him* to murder you.

BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> To VICE you to't,] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil.

WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known: its operation is to hold things together. So, the Bailiff, speaking of Falstaff: "If he come but within my *vice*," &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinshed, p. 245: "—the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to *advise* you." So, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl. l. no date:

"Then said the emperor Ernis,

"Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce*."

But my first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — did betray the BEST !] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

HENDERSON.

Mr. Henderson's conjecture that Judas is here meant is certainly well founded. A clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons was: "let them *have part with Judas that betrayed Christ*. Amen;" and this is here imitated. DOUCE.

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven<sup>9</sup>, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon<sup>1</sup>,  
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,  
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith<sup>2</sup>, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

POL. How should this grow?

CAM. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to

<sup>9</sup> Swear HIS THOUGHT OVER

By each particular star in heaven, &c.] The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abused Leontes in any familiarity with his Queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

"—— Swear *this though*, over," &c. THEOBALD.

Swear *his thought* over, may perhaps mean, *over-swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts."—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To *swear* a person down." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think, therefore, that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is—"Over-swear his thought,"—i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-swear* for *swear over*, in Twelfth-Night, Act V. vol. xi. p. 498. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —— you may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,] We meet with the same sentiment in The Merchant of Venice:

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,

"And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height." DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> —— whose foundation

Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *lelief*. STEEVENS.

Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;  
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city : For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
thereon  
His execution sworn.

*POL.* I do believe thee :  
I saw his heart in his face <sup>3</sup>. Give me thy hand ;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine <sup>4</sup> : My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,  
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

<sup>3</sup> I saw his heart in his face.] So, in Macbeth:

"To find the mind's construction in the face." STEEVENS.

4 —and thy PLACES shall

Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—"And thy *paces* shall," &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path.—The old reading, however, may mean—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee. MALONE.

By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*.

STEEVENS.

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion<sup>5</sup> ! Come, Camillo ;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

<sup>5</sup> Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion !] But how could this expedition comfort the Queen ? on the contrary, it would increase her husband's suspicion. We should read :

“ ——— and comfort

“ The gracious *queen's* ; ”

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just ; but what shall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing ? Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost :

“ ——— and comfort

“ The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

“ Of his ill ta'en suspicion —— ! ”

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion ; this passion is the *theme* or subject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the Queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. ‘ May part of the King's present sentiments comfort the Queen, but away with his suspicion.’ This is such meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend, *comfort* likewise the Queen who is “ part of its theme,” i. e. *partly* on whose account I go away ; but may not the same *comfort* extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the King ; i. e. may not my departure support him in them ! *His* for *its* is common with Shakspeare : and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not choose to appear a friend to Leontes, “ in comforting his evils,” i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it. STEEVENS.

*Comfort* is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent Queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy ; the Queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion !—We meet with a similar phraseology in Twelfth-Night : “ Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight ; what my offence to him is : it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose*.” MALONE.



*CAM.* It is in mine authority, to command  
The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*HER.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 *LADY.* Come, my gracious lord.  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*MAM.* No, I'll none of you.

1 *LADY.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*MAM.* You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as  
if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *LADY.* And why so, my lord <sup>6</sup> ?

*MAM.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best ; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *LADY.* Who taught you this <sup>7</sup> ?

*MAM.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
now

What colour are your eye-brows ?

<sup>6</sup> — my *GOOD* lord?] The epithet—*good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (for the sake of metre) from a redundant speech in the following page. STEEVENS.

To transplant a word from one page to another, is surely the very cacoethis of emendation. BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> Who taught you this?] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

1 *LADY*.

Blue, my lord.

*MAM*. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *LADY*.

Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince,

One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with  
us,

If we would have you.

1 *LADY*.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

*HER*. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,  
sir, now

I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*MAM*. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

*HER*. As merry as you will.

*MAM*.

A sad tale's best for winter<sup>8</sup> :

I have one of sprites and goblins.

*HER*.

Let's have that, good sir<sup>9</sup>.

Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful at  
it.

*MAM*. There was a man,——

*HER*. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

<sup>8</sup> A sad TALE'S best for WINTER :] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may seem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet :

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

And yet I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which spoil the measure,) as a playhouse interpolation. All children delight in telling dismal stories ; but why should a dismal story be *best for winter* ? STEEVENS.

As better suited to the gloominess of the season. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Let's have that, sir.] The old copy redundantly reads—*good* sir. STEEVENS.

MAM. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly ;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.*

LEON. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with him ?

I LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;  
never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

LEON. How bless'd am I <sup>1</sup>  
In my just censure ! in my true opinion <sup>2</sup> !—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge <sup>3</sup> !—How accurs'd,  
In being so blest !—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd <sup>4</sup>, and one may drink ; depart,  
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge  
Is not infected : but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

<sup>1</sup> How bless'd am I—] For the sake of metre, I suppose, our author wrote—How blessed *then* am I—. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> In my just CENSURE ? in my true opinion ?] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for *judgment*, *opinion*. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's Steel Glasse, 1576 :

“ Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book —.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Alack, for lesser knowledge !] That is, “ O that my knowledge were less.” JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> A spider steep'd,] That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir. T. Overbury's affair : “ The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven—great spiders*, and cantharides.” HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in Holland's Leaguer, a pamphlet published in 1632 : “ — like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth.”

MALONE.

How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts<sup>5</sup> :—I have drank, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing<sup>6</sup> ; yea, a very trick

<sup>5</sup> — violent HEFTS :—] *Hefts* are *heavings*, what is heaved up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' Translation of Lucan, 1614 :

“ But if a part of heavens huge sphere

“ Thou chuse thy pond'rous *heft* to beare.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain A PINCH'D THING ;] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible ; but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606 : “ Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*, and hast none to pity thy passions, dissemble thy affection, though it cost thee thy life.” Again, in Greene's *Never Too Late*, 1616 : “ Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so many passions,” &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the Eighth Iliad :

“ Huge grief, for Hector's slaughter'd friend *pinch'd* in his mighty mind.”

These instances may serve to show that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. xii. has equipped *grief* with a pair of *pincers* :

“ A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,

“ With which he *pinched* people to the heart.”

The sense proposed by the author of *The Revisal* may, however, be supported by the following passage in *The City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639 :

“ — *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

“ Like fishes, fowls, or faces.”

Again, by a passage in *All's Well That Ends Well* :—“ If you *pinch* me like a pasty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantastick shapes,] I can say no more.” STEEVENS.

For them to play at will :—How came the posterns  
So easily open ?

1 *LORD.* By his great authority ;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*LEON.* I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse  
him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*HER.* What is this ? sport ?

*LEON.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come  
about her ;

Away with him :—and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

*HER.* But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*LEON.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
'Tis *pity she's not honest, honourable* :  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and  
straight  
The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,  
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,  
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself<sup>7</sup> :—these shrugs, these hums, and  
ha's,

The subsequent words—" a very *trick* for them to play at will,"  
appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — for calumny will SEAR

Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous.  
So, in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

" ——— my maiden's name  
" *Scar'd* otherwise." HENLEY.

When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adultress.

HER. Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake <sup>8</sup>.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She's an adultress ; I have said with whom :  
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
A federary with her <sup>9</sup> ; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
But with her most vile principal <sup>1</sup>, that she's

<sup>8</sup> — you, my lord,

Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts,  
when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio :

“ — Should the bravest man

“ That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper

“ What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars :

“ My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS

<sup>9</sup> A FEDERARY with her ;] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our  
author's coinage) is a *confederate*, an *accomplice*. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no  
such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, vol. xii. p. 100, n. 6.

MALONE.

Malone says that we should certainly read *feodary*, and quotes  
a passage in *Cymbeline* as a proof of his assertion ; but surely this  
very passage is as good authority for reading *federary*, as that can  
be for reading *feodary*. Besides, *federate* is more naturally de-  
rived from *federis*, the genitive of the Latin word *fedus* ; and the  
genitive case is the proper parent of derivatives, as its name de-  
notes. M. MASON.

*Feodary*, as explained by Mr. Malone, is found in Bulloker's  
Expositor. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> BUT with her most vile principal,] One that knows what we

A bed-swerger, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles<sup>2</sup>; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

LEON. No, no; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre<sup>3</sup> is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks<sup>4</sup>.

should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:

“He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,

“*But* that he speaks.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — give BOLD titles;] The old copy reads—*bold'st* titles; but if the contracted superlative be retained, the roughness of the line will be intolerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— if I mistake ———

The centre, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

Milton, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle, has expressed the same thought in more exalted language:

“——— if this fail,

“The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

“And earth's base built on stubble.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks.] “Far off guilty,” signifies ‘guilty in a remote degree.’ JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in King Henry V.:

“Or shall we sparingly show you *far off*

“The dauphin's meaning?”

“But that he speaks”—means, ‘in merely speaking.’

MALONE.





Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :  
 I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,  
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have  
 leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 LORD. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen  
 again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your  
 justice

Prove violence ; in the which three great ones  
 suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 LORD. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
 I' the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,  
 In this which you accuse her.

ANT.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
 I lodge my wife<sup>9</sup> ; I'll go in couples with her ;

accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now  
 about to do." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's supposition may be countenanced by the follow-  
 ing passage in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act I. Sc. I. :

"When I went forward *on this ended action*."

STEEVENS.

9 — I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife ;] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spellman  
 interprets it) is a term of the forest laws, and signifies a place  
 where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover,  
 and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by.  
 From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any  
 man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his  
 hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a  
*stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable* ;  
 and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils  
 the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the  
 measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in  
 this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use ;  
 therefore I read *stable-stand*. HANMER.

Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust  
her<sup>1</sup>;

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1 LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on<sup>2</sup>,  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the vil-  
lain,  
I would land-damn him<sup>3</sup> : Be she honour-flaw'd,—

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567 :

“Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a *stable*.”

STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a *stable*, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a *stable*. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John* :

“To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

“To crouch in litter of your *stable* planks.”

In the Teutonic language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however, may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> THAN when I feel, and see her, &c.] The old copies read—*Then* when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — putter-on,] i. e. one who instigates. So, in *Macbeth* :

“———— the powers divine

“Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — land-DAMN him:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five<sup>4</sup> ;

*Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*.

JOHNSON.

"*Land-damn* him," if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, 'he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth.'

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following instance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

"Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakspeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many,) may suffice : "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glasses, *drank urine*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" Antigonus, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently signified to *condemn*. So, in *Pro-mos* and *Cassandra*, 1578 :

"Vouchsafe to give my *damm'd* husband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. Sc. I. :

"He shall not live ; look, with a spot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained, but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello* :

"O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.

I believe, we should read—*land-dam* ; i. e. kill him ; bury him in earth. So, in *King John* :

"His ears are stopp'd with *dust* ; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid.* :

"And stop this gap of breath with fulsome *dust*."

Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577 :

"The corps clapt fast in clotter'd *claye*,

"That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in *Ben Jonson's Volpone* :

"Speak to the knave ?

"I'll ha' my *mouth* first *stopp'd with earth*." MALONE.

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,  
 I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
 And I had rather glib myself, than they  
 Should not produce fair issue <sup>5</sup>.

After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely read—

“I'd *laudanum* him—,”

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *laudanum*, or opium?”

The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakspeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The second, and the third, nine, and some five;] The second folio reads—*sonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both “the *second* and the *third*.” But it is sufficiently clear, “referendo singula singulis.” “The *second* is of the age of nine, and the *third* is *some* five years old.” The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *King Lear*:

“For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,

“Lag of a brother.”

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons* five; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above mentioned, to read—*sons* five, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And I had rather GLIB myself, &c.] For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is used in this sense:—“He can sing a charm (he says) shall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with so little feeling to a patient.” GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:

“What a terrible sight to a *lib'd* breech, is a sow-gelder?”

LEON.

Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't, and feel't<sup>6</sup>,  
 As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel<sup>7</sup>.

Again, in Chapman's Translation of Hesiod's Booke of Daies, 4to. 1618 :

"The eight, the bellowing bullock *lib*, and gote."

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they say—to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horse. So, in St. Patrick for Ireland, a play by Shirley, 1640 :

"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — I see't, and feel't,] The old copy—but I *do* see't and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits these expletives, which serve only to derange the metre, without improving the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — I see't, and feel't,

As you feel doing thus ; and see withal

The instruments that feel.] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place ; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—"Laying hold of his arm ;" Dr. Johnson—"striking his brows." STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. Leontes, perhaps, "touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a *Snail's Horns* ;" for "*these*, (or imaginary horns of his own like them,) are the instruments that feel," to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in The Merry Wives of Windsor, from whence the direction of "striking his brows" seems to have been adopted :—"he so takes on,—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying *Peer out, peer out !*"—The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you Antigonus, now feel *me*, on *my* doing thus to *you*, and as *you* now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in Coriolanus :

"—— all the body's members

"Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—

"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

"——— where, the other *instruments*

"Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, *feel*," &c.

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of Antigonus. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this Act. MALONE.

*ANT.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth <sup>8</sup>.

*LEON.* What ! lack I credit ?

*I LORD.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my  
lord,

Upon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*LEON.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this : which,—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,  
Relish a truth <sup>9</sup>, like us ; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice : the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*ANT.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*LEON.* How could that be ?

<sup>8</sup> — dungy earth.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ ——— our *dungy earth* alike

“ Feeds beast as man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — which,—if you ———

Relish *as* truth,] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe made the necessary correction—*as*. STEEVENS.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusions of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So, before, in this play :

“ ——— *who*,—if I

“ Had servants true about me,—

“ ——— they would do that,” &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical ; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much error in the regulation of his text. MALONE.

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
 Added to their familiarity,  
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,  
 But only seeing<sup>1</sup>, all other circumstances  
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding :

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,  
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency<sup>2</sup>: Now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 *LORD*. Well done, my lord.

*LEON*. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to the truth : So have we thought it good,  
 From our free person she should be confin'd ;  
 Lest that the treachery of the two<sup>3</sup>, fled hence,

<sup>1</sup> — nought for approbation,  
 But only seeing,] *Approbation* in this place is put for *proof*.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — stuff'd sufficiency:] That is, of abilities more than enough.  
 JOHNSON.

See note on *Othello*, vol. ix. p. 237, n. 9. So, in *Dallington's Method of Travell* : "I remember a countriman of ours well seene in arts and language, well stricken in yeares, a mourner for his second wife ; a father of marriageable children, who with other his booke studies abroad, joyned also the exercise of dancing ; it was his hap in an honourable *Bal* (as they call it) to take a fall, which in mine opinion was not so disgracefull as the dancing it-selfe, to a *man of his stuffe*." BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that *Hermione is federary with Polixenes and Camillo*. JOHNSON.

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;  
We are to speak in publick : for this business  
Will raise us all.

*ANT.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*PAUL.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not ?

*KEEP.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*PAUL.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*KEEP.* I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*PAUL.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors !——Is it lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?  
Emilia ?

*KEEP.* So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
Emilia forth.

*PAUL.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

*KEEP.* And, madam,



I must be present at your conference.

*PAUL.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

*EMIL.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*PAUL.* A boy?

*EMIL.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*PAUL.* I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king<sup>4</sup>! be-  
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;

<sup>4</sup> These dangerous unsafe LUNES o' the king!] I have no where but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick,) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete. Richelet.*" THEOBALD.

*Lunes* is a Spanish term, as Mr. Kemble observed to me, which is thus explained by Cesar Oudin in his *Dialogos en Español y Frances*, 1675: "*Il intend par ce mot de lunes le cry de le mule quand elle est restive.*" BOSWELL.

A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: "I know 'twas but some peevish *moon* in him." Again, in *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. II.: "At which time would I, being but a *moonish* youth," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*i*' the king. This slight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I see no necessity for it. BOSWELL.

And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*EMIL.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*PAUL.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*EMIL.* Now be you blest for it !  
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something  
nearer.

*KEEP.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the  
babe,  
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*PAUL.* You need not fear it, sir :  
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to  
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*KEEP.* I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear: upon  
 Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.  
 [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other  
 Attendants.

LEON. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but  
 weakness  
 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
 The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,  
 She, the adultrous;—for the harlot king  
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
 And level of my brain<sup>4</sup>, plot-proof: but she  
 I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 ATTEN.

My lord?  
 [Advancing.]

LEON. How does the boy?

1 ATTEN. He took good rest to-night;  
 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

LEON. To see,  
 His nobleness!  
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;

<sup>4</sup> — out of the BLANK

And LEVEL of my brain.] Beyond the aim of any attempt  
 that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of  
 archery. JOHNSON.

*Blank* and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of  
 gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.

So, in King Henry VIII.:

“ I stood i' the *level*

“ Of a *full-charg'd* conspiracy.” RITSON.

Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely<sup>5</sup> :—

go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fye, fye ! no  
thought of him ;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;  
And in his parties, his alliance<sup>6</sup>,—Let him be,  
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 LORD.

You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;  
More free, than he is jealous.

ANT.

That's enough.

1 ATTEN. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ;  
commanded

None should come at him.

PAUL.

Not so hot, good sir ;

<sup>5</sup> — Leave me solely:] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> The very thought of my REVENGES that way

Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;

And in his parties his ALLIANCE,] So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia* : “ Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need should serve ; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter.” Our author it is observable, whether from forgetfulness or design, has made this lady the wife (not of Egisthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;  
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there, ho ?

PAUL. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How ?——  
Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;  
I knew, she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

LEON. What, canst not rule her ?

PAUL. From all dishonesty, he can : in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

ANT. Lo you now ; you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes <sup>7</sup>  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils <sup>8</sup>,  
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

<sup>7</sup> — who PROFESS —] Old copy—*professes*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — in COMFORTING your evils,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action.

M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses* MALONE.

LEON. Good queen !

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,  
good queen ;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you <sup>9</sup>.

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;  
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

LEON. Out !

A mankind witch <sup>1</sup> ! Hence with her, out o' door :  
A most intelligencing bawd !

<sup>9</sup> And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.] The *worst* means only the  
*lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim  
the combat against my accuser. JOHNSON.

The *worst* (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Henley observe) ra-  
ther means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards observes, that “ ‘ The worst about you,’ may mean  
the weakest or least warlike. So, a *better man*, the *best man* in  
company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral good-  
ness.” I think he is right. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> A MANKIND witch !] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the  
midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.  
It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness  
and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives*  
of Windsor, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, “ that he  
does not like when a woman has a beard.” Of this meaning Mr.  
Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman.—

“ Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her.”

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in A. Fraunce's *Ivie-  
church* : He is speaking of the Golden Age :

“ Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax ;

“ Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeissant ;

“ Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde*.”

PAUL.

Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
 In so entitling me : and no less honest  
 Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON.

Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—  
 Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-  
 tir'd<sup>2</sup>, unroosted

So, in M. Frobisher's first Voyage for the Discovery of Cataya, 4to. bl. l. 1578, p. 48 : " He saw mightie deere, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c. STEEVENS.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, p. 119, edit. 1705, observes : *Saxonice man est a mein quod Cimbrice est nocumentum. Francice est nefas, scelus.*" So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature.

TOLLET.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*. So, in Massinger's Guardian :

" I keep no *mankind* servant in my house,

" For fear my chastity may be suspected."

And Jonson, in one of his Sonnets, says :

" Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind* maid !"

The same phrase frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus, in Monsieur Thomas, when Sebastian sees him in women's clothes, and supposes him to be a girl, he says :

" A plaguy *mankind* girl ; how my brains totter !"

And Gondarino, in The Woman-Hater :

" Are women grown so *mankind* ?"

In all which places *mankind* means *masculine*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — thou art woman-tir'd,] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman ; *hen-peck'd*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—So, in The Widow's Tears, by Chapman, 1612 :

" He has given me a bone to *tire* on."

Again, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631 :

" — the vulture *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Chapman's translation of Achilles' Shield, 4to. 1598 :

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;  
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone <sup>3</sup>.

PAUL.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness <sup>4</sup>  
Which he has put upon't !

LEON.

He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So, I would, you did ; then, 'twere past  
all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

LEON.

A nest of traitors !

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL.

Nor I ; nor any,

“ Like men alive they did converse in fight,

“ And *tyrde* on death with mutuall appetite.”

*Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of Reynard the Fox. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — thy crone.] i. e. thy old-worn out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman. So, in Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale* :

“ This olde Soudanesse, this cursed *crone*.”

Again in *The Malcontent*, 1606 : “ There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle.” Again, in *Love's Mistress*, by T. Heywood, 1636 :

“ Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 : “ All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child.” Again, in the ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567 :

“ I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones*,

“ To appear as pleasant as little pretty young Jones.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that FORCED BASENESS —] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *King Lear* :

“ — Why brand they us

“ With *base* ? with *baseness* ? bastardy ? ” MALONE.



But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's <sup>5</sup>, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's <sup>6</sup> ; and will  
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*LEON.*

A callat,

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine ;  
It is the issue of Polixenes :  
Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*PAUL.*

It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the val-  
ley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his  
smiles<sup>7</sup> ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—  
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast

<sup>5</sup> — his BABE's,] The female infant then on the stage.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —slander,

Whose string is sharper than the sword's ;] Again, in Cymbeline :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ slander,

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

"Out-venoms all the worms of Nile." DOUCE.

7 — his SMILES ;] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of his father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't<sup>8</sup> ; lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's<sup>9</sup> !

LEON. A gross hag !—  
And, lozel<sup>1</sup>, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands,  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence.

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

<sup>8</sup> No yellow in't ;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

So, Nym says, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I will possess him with *yellowness*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's !] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a "bed-swerper," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and chastised declamation. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And, LOZEL,] "A *Losel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." Verstegan's *Restitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt frequently used by Spenser. I likewise meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

"To have the *lozel's* company."

A *lozel* is a *worthless fellow*. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

"Peace, prating *lozel*," &c. STEEVENS.

*PAUL.* I care not :  
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,  
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak hing'd fancy,) something sa-  
vours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*LEON.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

*PAUL.* I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*

*LEON.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to  
this.—

My child ? away with't !—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*ANT.* I did not, sir :  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

1 *LORD.* We can ; my royal liege,

He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*LEON.* You are liars all.

1 *LORD.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :

We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech  
So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,  
(As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

*LEON.* I am a feather for each wind that blows :—  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father ? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :  
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;  
[*To ANTIGONUS.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey<sup>2</sup>,—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life ?

*ANT.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

*LEON.* It shall be possible : Swear by this sword<sup>3</sup>,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

<sup>2</sup> So sure as THIS beard's GREY,] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on the former occasion, (See p. 287, n.7,) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —Swear by this sword,] It was anciently the custom to

ANT.

I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for  
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be  
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;  
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it  
 To some remote and desert place, quite out  
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place<sup>4</sup>,  
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death  
 Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,  
 Casting their savageness aside, have done  
 Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed doth require! and blessing<sup>5</sup>,

swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on  
 Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 253, n. 6. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, sig. S. 2: "And therewith  
 King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gaheris, and then he kneeled  
 downe and made his oath *upon the crosse of the sword*," &c.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the  
 pummel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea.

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> — COMMEND it STRANGELY to some place,] *Commit* it to  
 some place, *as a stranger*, without more provision. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

"And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

To *commend* is to *commit*. See *Minsheu's Dict.* in v.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and blessing,] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss<sup>6</sup>!

[*Exit with the Child.*

LEON. No, I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

I ATTEN. Please your highness, posts,  
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hasting to the court.

I LORD. So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days  
 They have been absent: 'Tis good speed<sup>7</sup>; foretels,  
 The great Apollo suddenly will have  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords;  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have  
 A just and open trial. While she lives,  
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me:  
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> — condemn'd to LOSS!] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have *lost*. I once thought that *loss* was here licentious used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage Act III. Sc. III.:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To *loss*, and what *may follow*!” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — “Tis good speed; &c.] Surely we should read the passage thus;

“ *This* good speed fortels,” &c. M. MASON,

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street in some Town.

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION*<sup>8</sup>.

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
Fertile the isle<sup>9</sup>; the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,  
For most it caught me<sup>1</sup>, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—

<sup>8</sup> — *Cleomenes and Dion.*] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's *Plutarch*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Fertile the isle;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakspeare wrote: Fertile the *soil*,—which is more elegant too, than the present reading. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the *isle of Delphos*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> For most IT caught me,] *It* may relate to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't<sup>2</sup>.

*CLEO.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*DION.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business : When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses ;—  
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Court of Justice.

*LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.*

*LEON.* This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart<sup>3</sup> : The party tried,  
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd

<sup>2</sup> The TIME is worth the USE on't.] *The time is worth the use on't*, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, "the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us." In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essaies*, 1603 : "The common saying is, the *time* we live, is worth the *money* we pay for it." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — pushes 'gainst our heart :] So, in *Macbeth* :

" — every minute of his being *thrusts*  
" *Against my near'st of life.*" STEEVENS.



Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
 Proceed in justice: which shall have due course,  
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation <sup>4</sup>.——  
 Produce the prisoner.

OFFI. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
 Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*HERMIONE is brought in guarded; PAULINA and  
 Ladies attending.*

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
 king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned  
 of high treason, in committing adultery with Po-  
 lixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with  
 Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord  
 the king, thy royal husband: the pretence <sup>5</sup> whereof  
 being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-  
 mione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true  
 subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better  
 safety, to fly away by night.*

HER. Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation; and  
 The testimony on my part, no other  
 But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot  
 me  
 To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity <sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> EVEN to the guilt, or the purgation.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems to unite both senses. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — *pretence* —] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, vol. ix. p. 477:

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, (as they do,)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience<sup>7</sup>.—You, my lord, best know,  
 (Who least<sup>8</sup> will seem to do so,) my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which<sup>9</sup> is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it<sup>1</sup>  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare<sup>2</sup>: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine<sup>3</sup>,

“He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*.”

Again, p. 475:

“—— Thou art rash as fire,

“To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

7 — If POWERS DIVINE

BEHOLD OUR HUMAN ACTIONS, (AS THEY DO,)

I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

False accusation BLUSH, and tyranny

Tremble at PATIENCE.] Our author has here closely followed the novel of Dorastus and Faunia, 1588: “If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions*, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> WHO least —] Old copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — which —] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — For life, I prize it —] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — I would spare:] To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit* the possession of it. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from Ecclesiasticus, iii. 11, cannot be too

And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience <sup>4</sup>, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so ; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus <sup>5</sup> : if one jot beyond

often impressed on the female mind : “ The glory of a man is from the honour of his father ; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — I appeal

To your own conscience, &c.] So, in *Dorastus* and *Faunia* : “ How I have led my life before Egisthus’ coming, I *appeal*, Pandosto, to the Gods, and to thy conscience” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus :] These lines I do not understand ; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus :

“ — Since he came,

“ With what encounter so uncurrent have I

“ Been stain'd to appear thus ? ”

At least I think it might be read :

“ With what encounter so uncurrent have I

“ Strain'd to appear thus ? If one jot beyond—”

JOHNSON.

The sense seems to be this : ‘ what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character.’ So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — a noble nature

“ May catch a wrench.”

An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in *Drayton's Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex* :

“ Yet these *encounters* thrust me not awry.”

The sense would then be :—‘ In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain ?’ *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—some *strain* in her character, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs :

“ — strain your loves

“ With any base, or hir'd persuasions.”

The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course."

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words and read : "With what encounter so uncurrent have I strained to appear thus?" But he could not have proposed that alteration had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus : "I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter," &c. That is, "I appeal to your own conscience, to declare with what encounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus." He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there. M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere :

"Who hath—

"Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had

"A thousand times in secret."

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure* : "We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place : if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

"—— found no opposition

"But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

"Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—'I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty.' So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,

"Revolts—."

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet :

"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide."

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fye upon my grave !

LEON. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first <sup>6</sup>.

HER. That's true enough ;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd <sup>7</sup> ;

A *bed-swarver* has already occurred in this play.

"To appear thus," is to appear in such an assembly as this ;  
to be put on my trial. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> I ne'er heard yet,

That any of these bolder vices WANTED

LESS impudence to gainsay what they did,

Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.

Examples of the same phraseology (as Mr. Malone observes,) occur in this play, p. 260 ; in Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. XII. and in King Lear, Act II. Sc. IV. ; (and as Mr. Ritson adds,) in Macbeth, Act III. Sc. VI. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — For Polixenes,

(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess

I LOV'D him as in HONOUR he requir'd ; &c.] So, in Dorastus and Faunia : "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egisthus, I cannot denie ; that I honour'd him, I shame not to confess. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not

With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A lady like me ; with a love, even such,  
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded :  
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
 To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had  
                   spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how : all I know of it,  
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;  
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not :  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams<sup>8</sup>,  
 Which I'll lay down.

LEON.                               Your actions are my dreams ;  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
 And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,  
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth<sup>9</sup> :

privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here  
 rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> My life STANDS IN THE LEVEL of your dreams.] 'To be *in*  
*the level*, is by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach.

JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritson have al-  
 ready observed,) is from *gunnery*. See p. 293, n. 4.

So, in King Henry VIII. :

" ——— I stood i' th' level

" Of a full charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — As you were past all shame,

(Those of your FACT are so,) so past all truth :] I do not re-  
 member that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which  
 must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read :

" Those of your *pack* are so,"

Which to deny, concerns more than avails<sup>1</sup> : for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats ;  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity :  
The crown and comfort of my life<sup>2</sup>, your favour,  
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went : My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,  
I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily<sup>3</sup>, is from my breast

*Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *sect* to be the right word. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. IV. :

In Middleton's *Mad World*, my Masters, a Courtezan says : " It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff, speaking of Doll Tearsheet : " So is all her *sect* : if they be once in a calm, they are sick." " Those of your fact" may, however, mean—" those who have done as you do."

STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage : [ " I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices," &c.] " And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Which to deny, CONCERNS more than AVAILS :] It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless ; will prove nothing. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> The CROWN and COMFORT of my life,] The *supreme blessing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline* :

" O that husband !

" My supreme *crown* of grief." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Starr'd most unluckily,] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,  
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion :—Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit <sup>4</sup>. Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.  
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,  
 I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law <sup>5</sup>.—Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle ;  
 Apollo be my judge.

I LORD.                      This your request  
 Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,  
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

“ And shake the yoke of *inauspicious stars*

“ From this world-wearied flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I have got STRENGTH of LIMIT.] I know not well how  
*strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-  
 bed chamber ; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we  
 read in a more easy phrase, “ strength of limb. And now,” &c.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives “ strength of limit ” to  
 mean, ‘ the limited degree of strength which it is customary for  
 women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after  
 child-bearing.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————— I tell you,

‘TIS RIGOUR, AND NOT LAW.] This also is from the novel :  
 “ Bellaria, no whit dismaid with this rough reply, told her husband  
 Pandosto, that he spake upon choller, and not conscience ; for her  
 virtuous life had been such as no spot of suspicion could ever  
 stayne. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egisthus,  
 it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affec-  
 tion : therefore *if she were condemned without any farther prooffe, it*  
*was rigour and not law.*” MALONE,



HER. The emperor of Russia was my father :  
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's trial ! that he did but see  
 The flatness of my misery <sup>6</sup> ; yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of  
 justice,  
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
 Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have  
 brought  
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,  
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
 Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEO. DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste<sup>7</sup>, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

HER. Praised !

LEON. Hast thou read truth ?

<sup>6</sup> The FLATNESS of my misery ;] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book ii. :

“ — Thus repuls'd, our final hope

“ Is *flat* despair.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Hermione* IS CHASTE, &c.] This is almost literally from Greene's novel :

“ *The Oracle.*

“ Suspicion is no prooffe ; jealousy is an unequal judge ; Bellaria is chaste ; Egisthus blameless ; Franion a true subject ; Pandosto treacherous : his babe innocent ; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found.” MALONE.

*OFFI.* Ay, my lord ; even so  
As it is here set down.

*LEON.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle :  
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*SERV.* My lord the king, the king !

*LEON.* What is the business ?

*SERV.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it :  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed<sup>s</sup>, is gone.

*LEON.* How ! gone ?

*SERV.* Is dead.

*LEON.* Apollo's angry ; and the heavens them-  
selves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How  
now there ?

*PAUL.* This news is mortal to the queen :—Look  
down,  
And see what death is doing.

*LEON.* Take her hence :  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*]  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;  
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,

<sup>s</sup> Of the queen's SPEED,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial : so  
we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
 My swift command<sup>9</sup>, though I with death, and with  
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
 Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,  
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great ; and to the hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended<sup>1</sup>,  
 No richer than his honour :—How he glisters  
 Thorough my rust ! and how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker<sup>2</sup> !

<sup>9</sup> But that THE GOOD MIND of Camillo tardied

My swift command,] Here likewise our author has closely followed Greene : “ — promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband ; but also to reconcile himself to Egisthus and Franion ; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and to the hazard

Of all incertainties himself COMMENDED.] In the original copy some word probably of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—*certain* hazard ; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shown in my Preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 303.

MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the second folio.

*Certain hazard*, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So, in The Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. II. :

“ Until I know this *sure uncertainty*.” STEEVENS.

So many lines equally defective are to be found in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to supply any word for the sake of completing the measure. BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Does my deeds make the blacker !] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*PAUL.* Woe the while !  
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too !

1 *LORD.* What fit is this, good lady ?

*PAUL.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me ?  
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boil-  
ing,  
In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer torture  
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine !—O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful<sup>3</sup> : nor was't much,

<sup>3</sup> That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;

That did but show thee, of a FOOL, inconstant,

And DAMNABLE ungrateful :] I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the King of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

“ — show thee, *of* a fool.” So all the copies. We should read :

“ — show thee *off*, a fool —.”

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours ; a fool, an inconstant, &c.

WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading, by a mode

Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour<sup>4</sup>,  
 To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
 To be or none, or little ; though a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't<sup>5</sup> :  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart  
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the  
 queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-  
 geance for't  
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *LORD.* The higher powers forbid !

*PAUL.* I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, nor  
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

of speech anciently much used, means only, ' It showed thee *first*  
 a fool, *then* inconstant and ungrateful.' JOHNSON.

*Damnable* is here used adverbially. See vol. x. p. 438, n. 7.

MALONE.

The same construction occurs in the second book of Phaer's  
 version of the *Æneid* :

" When this the yong men heard me speak, *of wild they  
 waxed wood.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,] How  
 should Paulina know this ? No one had charged the King with  
 this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on  
 Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ————— though a devil

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :] i. e. a devil  
 would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have  
 committed such an action. STEEVENS.

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !  
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*LEON.*

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*I LORD.*

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I' the boldness of your speech.

*PAUL.*

I am sorry for't<sup>6</sup> ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
 I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much  
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
 To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
 help,

Should be past grief<sup>7</sup> : Do not receive affliction  
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :  
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—  
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

<sup>6</sup> I am sorry for't ;] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— what's past help,

Should be past grief :] So, in King Richard II. :

“ Things past redress, are now with me past care.”

STEEVENS.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well,  
 When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :  
 One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall  
 The causes of their death appear, unto  
 Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit  
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,  
 Shall be my recreation : So long as  
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
 And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a Mariner.*

ANT. Thou art perfect then <sup>s</sup>, our ship hath  
 touch'd upon  
 The deserts of Bohemia ?

MAR. Ay, my lord ; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
 And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get  
 aboard ;  
 Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before  
 I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste ; and go not  
 Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;

<sup>s</sup> Thou art PERFECT then,] *Perfect* is often used by Shakespeare for *certain*, *well assured*, or *well informed*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*ANT.* Go thou away :  
I'll follow instantly.

*MAR.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

*ANT.* Come, poor babe :——  
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the  
dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*  
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,*  
*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out*  
*Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—*  
*Places remote enough are in Bohemia,*  
*There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe*  
*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita*  
*I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,*  
*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see*  
*Thy wife Paulina more :—*and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,



Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character<sup>9</sup>: there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor  
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to  
have

A lullaby too rough<sup>1</sup>: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage cla-  
mour<sup>2</sup>?—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;  
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

SHEP. I would, there were no age between ten  
and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep  
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between  
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-  
cienry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would  
any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-  
and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared

<sup>9</sup> — thy CHARACTER:] Thy description; i. e. the writing after-  
wards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> A LULLABY too rough:] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: “Shall  
thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter  
stormes? Shalt thou have the *whistling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and  
the salt sea-fome, instead of sweet milke?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — A savage clamour?] This clamour was the cry of the  
dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*,  
or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

away two of my best sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy<sup>3</sup>. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne ; a very pretty barne<sup>4</sup> ! A boy, or a child<sup>5</sup>, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one : Sure some scape : though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work : they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity : yet I'll tarry till my son come ; he hollad but even now. Whoa, ho hoa !

*Enter Clown.*

*CLO.* Hilloa, loa !

*SHEP.* What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man ?

*CLO.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land ;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*SHEP.* Why, boy, how is it ?

<sup>3</sup> — if any where I have them, 'tis by the SEA-SIDE, BROWZING of IVY.] This also is from the novel : “ [The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he wasso poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'red downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a BARNE ; a very pretty BARNE !] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's Northern Lass, 1633 :

“ Peace wayward *barne* ! O cease thy moan,

“ Thy far more wayward daddy's gone.”

It is a North country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born ; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — A boy, or A CHILD,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a *child*. STEEVENS.

CLO. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point : O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em : now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast<sup>6</sup> ; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service.—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman :—But to make an end of the ship :—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it<sup>7</sup> :—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

CLO. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ; he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man<sup>8</sup> !

<sup>6</sup> — now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast ;] So, in *Pericles* : “ But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow*, kiss the moon, I care not.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — FLAP-DRAGONED it :] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : “ Thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon*.” See note on *King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the OLD man !] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age ; besides, the Clown hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman* ; and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself ; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has

CLO. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*]

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>9</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling<sup>1</sup>:—open't: What's within, boy?

CLO. You're a made old man<sup>2</sup>; if the sins of your

inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: “—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;” Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — a bearing-cloth —] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

<sup>1</sup> — some changeling:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

“She never had so sweet a *changeling*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> You're a MADE old man;] In former copies:—“You're a *mad* old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. God! all gold!”—This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad* old man. I have ventured to correct in the text—“You're a *made* old man;” i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: “The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever.” FARMER.

So, in the ancient ballad of Robin Hood and the Tinker:

“I have a warrand from the king,

“To take him where I can;

“If you can tell me where hee is,

“*I will you make a man.*” STEEVENS.

youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

*SHEP.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so : up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way<sup>3</sup>. We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go :—Come, good boy, the next way home.

*CLO.* Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst, but when they are hungry<sup>4</sup> : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*SHEP.* That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*CLO.* Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

*SHEP.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

*Enter TIME, as Chorus.*

*TIME.* I,—that please some, try all ; both joy,  
and terror,  
Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error<sup>5</sup>,—

<sup>3</sup> — the NEXT way.] i. e. the nearest way. So, in King Henry IV. Part I. : " 'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — they are never CURST, but when they are hungry:] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage : "*Curst* cows have short horns." HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — that make, and unfold error,] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover* them, at different conjunctures : but the poet

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
 O'er sixteen years<sup>6</sup>, and leave the growth untried

means, that Time often for a season *covers* errors ; which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read :

“ ——— that *mask* and *unfold* error, ———” THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it

“ These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason,) prove that time can both make and unfold error.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — that I slide

O'er sixteen years,] This trespass, in respect of dramatick unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous Lyly's *Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue,) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, *Endymion* iying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed ; for he supposes that *Endymion's* hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1579, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed,) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned, therefore, that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were ; “ For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy ; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities : then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde : marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell,” &c. This quotation will serve to show that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art.

STEEVENS.

Of that wide gap<sup>7</sup>; since it is in my power  
 To o'erthrow law<sup>8</sup>, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now received: I witness to  
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make  
       stale  
 The glistening of this present, as my tale

In *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Grissel is in the first Act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth Act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married.

MALONE.

7 — and leave the GROWTH untried

Of that wide GAP;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. "The growth of the wide gap," is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. "To leave this growth untried," is "to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined." *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glass; and give my scene such *growing*,

"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Whom our fast-growing scene must find

"At Tharsus."

*Gap*, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulf*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says:

"——learn of me, who stand i' the *gaps* to teach you

"The stages of our story." MALONE.

8 — since it is in my power, &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,  
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,  
 That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia <sup>9</sup> ; and remember well,  
 I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
 I now name to you ; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—a shepherd's  
 daughter.

And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is the argument of time <sup>1</sup> : Of this allow <sup>2</sup>.  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;  
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

<sup>9</sup> — imagine ME,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia ;] *Time* is every where alike. I know not  
 whether both sense and grammar may not dictate :

“ ———— imagine *we*

“ Gentle spectators, that *you* now may be,” &c.

Let *us* imagine, that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in  
 Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me* ; and  
 is a common mode of expression. Thus we say “ do *me* such a  
 thing,”—“ spell *me* such a word.” In King Henry IV. Falstaff  
 says, speaking of sack :

“ It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there,” &c.

Again, in King Lear, Gloster says to Edmund, speaking of  
 Edgar :

“ Wind *me* into him,” &c. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> Is the ARGUMENT of time :] *Argument* is the same with *sub-*  
*ject*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — Of this ALLOW,] To *allow* in our author's time signified  
 to *approve*. MALONE.



## SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES.

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*POL.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

*CAM.* It is fifteen years<sup>3</sup>, since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

*POL.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships<sup>4</sup>. Of

<sup>3</sup> It is FIFTEEN years,] We should read—*sixteen*. Time has just said :

“ ——— that I slide

“ O'er *sixteen* years ———.”

Again, Act V. Sc. III. : “ Which lets go by some *sixteen* years.”  
—Again, *ibid.* :—“ Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and my profit therein, the HEAPING FRIENDSHIPS.] The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. “ To be more thankful shall be my study ; and my profit

that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more : whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince : What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have, missingly, noted<sup>5</sup>, he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo ; and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence ; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

therein the heaping friendships." That is, ' I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.'

JOHNSON.

*Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — but I have, MISSINGLY, noted,] *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

*POL.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle<sup>6</sup> that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place : where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>7</sup> with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*CAM.* I willingly obey your command.

*POL.* My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS<sup>8</sup>, singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer<sup>9</sup>,—  
With, heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale<sup>1</sup>.*

<sup>6</sup> — But, I fear the ANGLE —] Mr. Theobald reads,—and I fear the *engle*. JOHNSON.

*Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in K. Henry IV. Part I. :

“ ——— he did win

“ The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well :

“ She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — some QUESTION —] i. e. some talk, in which sense *question* is frequently used by our author. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Autolycus*,] Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father :

Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus. *Martial*.

See also, Homer's *Odyssey*, book xix. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *When daffodils begin to peer*,—

And

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*] “ Two nonsensical songs.

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge*<sup>2</sup>,—  
*With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!*—  
*Doth set my pugging tooth*<sup>3</sup> *on edge;*  
*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakspeare to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux."

I believe, that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *For the red blood* REIGNS *in the* WINTER'S *pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has "*the winter's pale;*" and the meaning is, 'the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns* o'er the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.*' The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it. In King Henry V. our author says:

"—— the English beach  
*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aston: "Lieutenant of the English *pale*, for the earle of Summerset." Again, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The white sheet* BLEACHING, &c.] So, in the song at the end of Love's Labour's Lost, Spring mentions as descriptive of that season, that then "— maidens *bleach* their summer *smocks.*"

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *pugging tooth* —] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in The Roaring Girl, 1611:

"Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in Minshieu. STEEVENS.

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants* <sup>4</sup>,—

*With heigh! with, hey! \* the thrush and the jay:—  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts* <sup>5</sup>,

*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile <sup>6</sup>; but now I am out of service :

\* *With, hey!* from the second folio, not in the first.

<sup>4</sup> *The lark, that TIRRA-LIRRA chants.*]

“ — — — — —

“ La gentille allouette avec son *tire-lire*

“ *Tire lire a lire et tire-lirant tire*

“ Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu

“ *Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.*”

*Du Bartas, Liv. 5, de sa premiere semaine.*

“ *Ecce suum tirile tirile : suum tirile tractat.*”

*Linnaei Fauna Suecica.*

HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and Their Flies*, 1599 :

“ Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,

“ Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—.”

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its synonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*my aunts*,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense :—“ It was better bestowed upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation.” Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ I never knew

“ What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,

“ Till you prefer'd me to your *aunt* the lady :

“ I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,

“ No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes

“ To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*

“ Learn'd me the common trick.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 : “ I'll call you one of my *aunts*, sister ; that were as good as to call you arraint *whore*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — wore THREE-PILE ;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ — and line them

“ With black, crimson, and tawny *three pil'd velvet*.”

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?  
The pale moon shines by night :  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget ;  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets<sup>7</sup> ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus<sup>8</sup> ;

Again, in Measure for Measure :

“ Master *Three-pile*, the mercer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> My traffick is sheets ; &c.] So, in The Three Ladies of London, 1585 :

“ Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,  
“ To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Again, in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, Riotte says :

“ If any heere three ydle people needes,  
“ Call us in time, for we are fine for *sheetes* :  
“ Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,  
“ And lay both *sheetes* and linnen all to gage.  
“ We are best be gone, least some do heare alledge  
“ We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars' Bush :

“ To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the *sheet*.”

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

“ When the kite builds, look to *lesser linen*.” *Lesser linen* is an ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted—*small clothes*. STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest ; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> — My father named me, Autolycus ; &c.] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech, is taken from Lucian ;

who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison<sup>9</sup>; and my revenue is the silly cheat<sup>1</sup>: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway<sup>2</sup>: beating, and

who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his Discourse on Judicial Astrology, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

If any one will take the trouble of comparing what Ovid and Lucian have respectively said concerning Autolycus, he will, it is presumed, be altogether disposed to give the preference to Theobald's opinion. Dr. Warburton must have been exclusively fortunate in discovering that *the whole speech is taken from Lucian*; that he was *one of our poet's favourite authors*; and that, in the *dialogue* alluded to, *Autolycus talks much in the same manner*. He must have used some edition of Lucian's works vastly preferable to those which now remain. The reader will be pleased to consult the 11th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, in the translation (if he have it) by Golding. DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> — With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;] i. e. with gaming and whoring I brought myself to this shabby dress.

PERCY.

<sup>1</sup> — my revenue is, the SILLY cheat:] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to, —*the sly cheat*. WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Gallows and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers

hanging, are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see :—Every 'leven wether tods<sup>3</sup> ; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to ?

on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —tods ;] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was formerly led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool ; thus, they say : “Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool,” &c. The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is : ‘Every eleven wether *tods* ; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool ; every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings ; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield ?”

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject ; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakespeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's Parochial Antiquities, a tod of wool sold for nine shillings and sixpence. MALONE.

“Every 'leven wether—tods.” This has been rightly expounded to mean ‘that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28*lb.*’ Each fleece would, therefore, be 2*lb.* 8*oz.* 11½*dr.* and the whole produce of fifteen hundred shorn 136 *tod*, 1 *clove*, 2*lb.* 6*oz.* 2*dr.* which at pound and odd shilling per tod, would yield 143*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy.

Indeed it appears from Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two and twenty shillings : so that the medium price was exactly “pound and odd shilling.” RITSON.



*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters<sup>4</sup>.—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast<sup>5</sup>? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all<sup>6</sup>, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases<sup>7</sup>: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies<sup>8</sup>; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note:

<sup>4</sup> — without COUNTERS.] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus, Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him—*counter-caster*. See my note on *Othello*, vol. ix. p. 223, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — sheep-shearing feast?] The expence attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus, in *Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard's wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — three-man song-men all,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A six-man song occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 24.

PERCY.

Florio renders *Berlingozzo* by a drunken song, a *three-man's* song. MALONE.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man* song." Before the comedy of *The Gentle Croft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man* songs are printed. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — MEANS and bases:] *Means* are tenors. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"—— he can sing

"A *mean* most meanly." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — WARDEN pies:] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. It however afforded

*nutmegs, seven ; a race, or two, of ginger ; but that I may beg ;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

*AUT.* O, that ever I was born !

*[Grovellying on the ground.*

*CLO.* I' the name of me <sup>9</sup>,—

*AUT.* O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

*CLO.* Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*AUT.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received ; which are mighty ones, and millions.

*CLO.* Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*AUT.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*CLO.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

*AUT.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*CLO.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

*[Helping him up.*

Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed :

“ A deputy tart, a church-warden pye.”

It appears from a passage in Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted :

“ I would have had him roasted like a warden,

“ In brown paper.”

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] says, *Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volum.* REED.

<sup>9</sup> I' the name of me,] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek :—“ Before me, she's a good wench.” STEEVENS.

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart<sup>1</sup>.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames<sup>2</sup>: I knew him once a

<sup>1</sup> — that KILLS MY HEART.] So, in King Henry V. Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says—"the king hath killed his heart." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — with TROL-MY-DAMES:] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes* he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme troule in madame is termed." FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got

"Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes*."

Again, in *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632: "What quicksands, he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes*."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his description of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon-holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; thus:

servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide<sup>3</sup>.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son<sup>4</sup>, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig<sup>5</sup> : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter :

o o o being so many holes made in the ground, into which  
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have seen both played at.  
o o o

RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th song of his *Polyolbion* :

“ At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — abide.] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again used in *Macbeth*, in the sense of *tarrying for a while* :

“ I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — MOTION of the prodigal son,] i. e. the *puppet-shew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — PRIG, for my life, prig:] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket ; and therefore in *The Beggars' Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*CLO.* How do you now ?

*AUT.* Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*CLO.* Shall I bring thee on the way ?

*AUT.* No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

*CLO.* Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*AUT.* Prosper you, sweet sir !—[*Exit Clown.*]  
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue<sup>6</sup> !

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way<sup>7</sup>,*

*And merrily hent the stile-a<sup>8</sup> :*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*

<sup>6</sup> — let me be UNROLLED, and my name put in the book of virtue !] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WAREBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Jog on, jog on, &c.*] These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy*, made up in Pills compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches, 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

<sup>8</sup> *And merrily hent the stile-a :*] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon *þentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ Some by the armes *hent* good Guy.”

Again :

“ And some by the brydle him *hent*.”

Again, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. vii. :

“ Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*FLO.* These your unusual weeds to each part of  
you  
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*PER.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes <sup>9</sup>, it not becomes me ;  
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land <sup>1</sup>, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up <sup>2</sup> : But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it <sup>3</sup> with a custom, I should blush

<sup>9</sup> — your EXTREMES,] That is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes ; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself “ in a swain's wearing,” while he “ pranked her up most goddess-like.” The following words, “ O pardon that I name them,” prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> The gracious MARK o' the land,] The *object* of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

“ He was the *mark* and glass, copy and book,

“ That fashion'd others.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — FRANK'D up :] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. So, in Coriolanus :

“ For they do *prank* them in authority.”

Again, in Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661 :

“ I pray you go *prank* you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Digest it —] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> — sworn, I think,

To show myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance ; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus :

“ — But that our feasts

“ In every mess have folly, and the feeders

“ Digest it with a custom, (sworn I think,)

“ To see you so attired, I should blush

“ To show myself a glass.”

i. e.—But that our rustick feasts are in every part accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized, (custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe,) I should blush to present myself before a glass, which would show me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble state, or so much better habited than even that of my prince.

STEEVENS.

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being “ most goddess-like prank'd up.” The passage quoted in p. 344, from King Henry IV. Part II. confirms this interpretation. In Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 341, a forester having given the Princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him :—“ Here, good my *glass*.”

Again, in Julius Cæsar :

“ ——— I, your *glass*,

“ Will modestly discover to yourself,

“ That of yourself,” &c.

Again, more appositely, in Hamlet :

“ — he was indeed the *glass*,

“ Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves.”

Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change ;

*FLO.* I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground <sup>5</sup>.

*PER.* Now Jove afford you cause !  
To me, the difference forges dread <sup>6</sup> ; your great-  
ness  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up <sup>7</sup> ? What would he say ? Or  
how

and the words " to *shew* myself," appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation ; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *svound*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> When my good FALCON made her flight across

Thy father's ground.] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel : " — And as they returned, it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) encountered by the way these two maides." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> To me the DIFFERENCE forges dread ;] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

" The course of true love never did run smooth,

" But either it was *different* in blood—" M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — his work, so noble,

Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

The allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,

" To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again :

" That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

" That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story."

STEEVENS.



Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence ?

*FLO.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love <sup>8</sup>, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now : Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;  
Nor in a way <sup>9</sup> so chaste : since my desires  
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*PER.* O but, sir <sup>1</sup>,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king :  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak ; that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.

*FLO.* Thou dearest Perdita,

<sup>8</sup> — The gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love,] This is taken almost literally from the novel: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne ; Jupiter Io ; and why not I then Fawnia ? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty ; born to be a shepherdess, but worthy to be a goddess." Again : "And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought ; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd : they gods, and yet in love ;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Nor in a way —] Read :—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

"Nor in a way so chaste." It must be remembered that the transformations of gods were generally for illicit amours ; and consequently were not "in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

<sup>1</sup> O but, DEAR sir,] In the oldest copy the word—*dear*, is wanting. STEEVENS.

With these forc'd thoughts<sup>2</sup>, I pr'ythee, darken  
not

The mirth o' the feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's : for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle ;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are  
coming :

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*PER.*

O lady fortune.

Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,  
disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.*

*FLO.*

See, your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*SHEP.* Fye, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,  
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now  
here,

At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire  
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.

<sup>2</sup> With these FORC'D thoughts,] That is, thoughts far-fetched,  
and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.

Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself -  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast<sup>3</sup> : Come  
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

PER. Welcome, sir ! [To POL.

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day :—You're welcome, sir !  
[To CAMILLO.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep  
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both<sup>4</sup>,  
And welcome to our shearing !

POL. Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

PER. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

<sup>3</sup> That which you are, MISTRESS O' THE FEAST:] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as *mistress of the feast*." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> For you there's ROSEMARY, and RUE ; these keep  
SEEMING, and SAVOUR, all the winter long:

GRACE, and REMEMBRANCE, be to you both,] Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents. "There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by Lady M. W. Montagu.

HENLEY.

"Grace, and remembrance." *Rue* was called *herb of Grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick.

STEEVENS.

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*POL.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*PER.* For I have heard it said<sup>5</sup>,  
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature<sup>6</sup>.

*POL.* Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we  
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race; This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but  
The art itself is nature.

*PER.* So it is.

*POL.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-  
flowers<sup>7</sup>,  
And do not call them bastards.

<sup>5</sup> FOR I have heard it said,] *For*, in this place, signifies—*because that*. So, in Chaucer's Clerke's Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092:

“She dranke, and *for* she wolde vertue plesse,

“She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares

With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. T. Warton observes, “There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herself.”

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

PER. I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>8</sup> in earth to set one slip of them :  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish

7 — in GILLYFLOWERS,] There is some further conceit relative to *gilly flowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy ; (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term still used by low people in Sussex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder*, or a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she,) but no *gilliflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers :

"—— the fond carnation loves to shoot

"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gilofers*, &c. And in A. W.'s *Commendation of Cascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower :

"Some think that *gilliflowers* do yield a *gelous smell*."

See Gascoigne's *Works*, 1587. STEEVENS,

The following line in *The Paradise of daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note :

"Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy."

MALONE.

The solution of the riddle in these lines that has embarrassed Mr. Steevens is probably this. The *gilly-flower* or carnation is streaked, as every one knows, with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman ; and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakspeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says in her next speech but one. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> — dibble —] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only there-  
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises <sup>9</sup> weeping ; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your  
flock,  
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas !  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fairest friend,  
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that  
might  
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon <sup>1</sup> ! daffodils,

<sup>9</sup> The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises —] Hence, says Lupton, in his Sixth  
Book of notable Things : " Some calles it, Sponsus Solis, the  
Spowse of the Sunne ; because it sleepes and is awakened with  
m." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon !] So, in Ovid's Metam. b. v. :

— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis. STEEVENS.

The whole passage is thus translated by Golding, 1587 :

" While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,

" In gathering either violets blew, or lillies white as lime,—

" Dis spide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well  
neere.—

" The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call

" Hir mother——

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes<sup>2</sup>,

"And as she from the upper part hir garment would have  
rent,

"By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her *flowers*  
went." RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — violets, dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. So, in Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, v. 1358:

"This Troilus full oft her *eyen two*

"Gan for to kisse," &c.

Thus also in the sixteenth Odyssey, 15, Eumæus kisses both the eyes of Telemachus:

Κύσσε δὲ μιν κεφαλὴν τε, καὶ ἀμφὶ φάεα καλὰ,—

The same line occurs in the following book, v. 39, where Penelope expresses her fondness for her son.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of Timon of Athens, in the possession of Mr. Strutt, the engraver:

"O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,

"But let me kisse thine *eyes* my sweete delight." p. 6. b.

Another reason, however, why the *eyes* were kissed instead of the lips, may be found in a very scarce book entitled A courtlie Controversy of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning Fiue tragicall Histories, &c. Translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: "Oh howe wise were our forefathers to forbidde wyne so strictly unto their children, and much more to their wives, so that for drinking wine they deserved defame, and being taken with the maner, it was lawfull to kisse their mouthes, whereas otherwise *men kissed but their eyes*, to showe that wine drinkers were apt to further offence."

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas:

——— βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη. Homer.

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) "we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue *eye-lids*; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold<sup>3</sup>  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips<sup>4</sup>, and

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

" ——— That *eye* was *Juno's*,

" Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,

" That virgin blush, *Diana's*."

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid* :

" Upon her *eye-lids* many graces sate,

" Under the shadow of her even brows."

*Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th Sonnet :

" When on each *eye-lid* sweetly do appear

" An hundred graces, as in shade they sit." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold, &c.] So, in *Pimlyco*, or *Runne Red-Cap*, 1609 :

" The pretty *Dazie* (*eye of day*)

" The *Prime-Rose* which doth first display

" Her youthful colours, and *first dies* :

" Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas* :

" ——— the rathe *primrose* that *forsaken dies*."

Mr. Warton, in a note on my last quotation, asks " But why does the *Primrose* die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers ; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers."

Perhaps, however, the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from a line originally subjoined by Milton to that already quoted from *Lycidas* :

" Bring the rathe *primrose* that unwedded dies,

" *Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — BOLD oxlips,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer ; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be



The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

*FLO.* What ? like a corse ?

*PER.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
 Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,  
 But quick, and in mine arms<sup>5</sup>. Come, take your  
 flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*FLO.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function : Each your doing<sup>6</sup>,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*PER.* O Doricles,

confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of  
 by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ — yellow *oxlips* bright as burnish'd gold.”

See vol. v. p. 232, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Insatiate  
 Countess*, 1613 :

“ *Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I see.

“ *Rob.* In the swan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ — O come, be *buried*

“ A second time *within these arms.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — Each your doing, &c.] That is, your manner in each  
 act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it <sup>7</sup>,  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.

*FLo.* I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear <sup>8</sup>, as I have purpose  
 To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

<sup>7</sup> — but that your youth,  
 And the true BLOOD which PEEPS fairly through it,] So,  
 Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander* :

“ Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,  
 “ With damaske eyes *the ruby blood doth peep.*”

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> I think, you have  
 As little SKILL to fear,] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have a reason to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to :

“ As little skill *in* fear.”

which has no kind of sense in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this passage, or believe that *to have a skill* to do a thing, ever meant, *to have reason* to do it ; of which, when he asserted it, he ought to have produced one example at least.

The fears of women, on such occasions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they blush, because they understand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he says, that Perdita had *little skill to fear*.—So Juliet says to Romeo :

“ But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 “ Than those who have more *cunning* to be strange.”

M. MASON.

“ You as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as,” &c.

MALONE.

*PER.* I'll swear for 'em <sup>9</sup>.

*POL.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or  
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

*CAM.* He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out <sup>1</sup>: Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*CLO.* Come on, strike up.

*DOR.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-  
lick,  
To mend her kissing with.—

*MOP.* Now, in good time!

*CLO.* Not a word, a word; we stand <sup>2</sup> upon our  
manners.—

Come, strike up. [*Musick.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Per.* I'll swear for 'em.] I fancy this half line is placed to a  
wrong person. And that the King begins his speech aside:

“*Pol.* I'll swear for 'em,

“This is the prettiest,” &c. JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus:

“I'll swear for *one*.”

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is ab-  
solutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will  
then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out:] The meaning must be  
this. The Prince tells her something ‘that calls the blood up  
into her cheeks, and makes her blush.’ She, but a little before,  
uses a like expression to describe the Prince's sincerity:

“——— your youth

“And the true *blood*, which fairly *peeps through it*,

“Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd.”

THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—look *on't*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — we stand, &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour.

JOHNSON.

So, in Every Man in his Humour, Master Stephen says:

“Nay, we do not *stand* much on our gentility, friend.”

STEEVENS.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*POL.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,  
Which dances with your daughter?

*SHEP.* They call him Doricles; and boasts him-  
self<sup>3</sup>

To have a worthy feeding<sup>4</sup>: but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth<sup>5</sup>: He says, he loves my daugh-  
ter;

I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best<sup>6</sup>.

*POL.* She dances featly.

*SHEP.* So she does any thing; though I report it,

<sup>3</sup> — AND boasts himself—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Rowe proposed to read—"and *he* boasts himself;" but the omission of the pronoun frequently occurs in our poet and all his contemporaries. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a worthy FEEDING:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd

"To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd."

Again, in the sixth song of the *Polyolbion*:

"—so much that do rely

"Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

"A *worthy feeding* (says Mr. M. Mason,) is a *valuable*, a *substantial* one." Thus, Antonio, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"But were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm,

"You should find better dealing."

*Worth* here means *fortune* or *substance*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> He looks like *SOOTH*:] *Sooth* is *truth*. Obsolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Thou dost dissemble, but I mean good *sooth*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Who loves ANOTHER best.] Surely we should read—Who loves *the other* best. M. MASON.

That should be silent : if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better : he shall come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down<sup>7</sup>, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves<sup>8</sup> : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*<sup>9</sup> and *fadings*<sup>1</sup> : *jump her*

<sup>7</sup> — DOLEFUL matter, MERRILY set down,] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises* : "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *Mirth*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — no milliner can so fit HIS customers with gloves :] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — of DILDOS —] "With a hie *dildo* dill," is the burthen of *The Batchelors' Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

See also, *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31 :

"A story strange I will you tell,

"But not so strange as true,

"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,

"And so did her husband too ;

"With a *dildo*, *dildo*, *dildo*,

"With a *dildo*, *dildo*, dee." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *fadings* :] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court* :

"— and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding."

and thump her ; and where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*<sup>2</sup>.

*POL.* This is a brave fellow.

*CLO.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares<sup>3</sup> ?

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle :

" I will have him dance *fading* ; *fading* is a fine jigg."

TYRWHITT.

So, in The Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, 1633 :

" But under her coats the ball be found.——

" With a *fading*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th Epigram :

" See you yond motion ? not the old *fading*." STEEVENS.

It is the burthen of a song in Sportive Wit, &c. 1656, p. 58, of which the following is the first stanza ;

" The courtiers scorn us country clowns,

" We country clowns do scorn the court ;

" We can be as merry upon the downs

" As you at mid-night with all your sport,

" With a *fading*, with a *fading*." MALONE.

See note at the end of this play. BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> — *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous History of Friar Bacon we have a ballad to the tune of " Oh ! do me no harme, good man."

FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled " Ayres, to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine : " 1610, fol. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — unbraided wares ?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things not *braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants ; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress : or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlers usually have not, to

*SERV.* He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle<sup>4</sup>, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses<sup>5</sup>, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't<sup>6</sup>.

escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "— She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure." STEEVENS.

*Unbraided wares* may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakspeare's *All's Well*, &c. Act IV. Sc. II. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

The Clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

Probably *unbraided* wares means "wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

What is *braid*? BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — POINTS, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,] The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — caddisses,] I do not exactly know what *caddisses* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters says: — "I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In *The First Part of King Henry IV.* I have supposed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadesse*, the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

*Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

MALONE.

CLO. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

CLO. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;*

*Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;*

<sup>6</sup> — the sleeve-HAND, and the work about the SQUARE on't.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's Collectanea, 1770, vol. iv. p. 323: "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*," is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's Collectanea, vol. iv. p. 293, King James's "shurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-hand* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a surcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the "work about the square on't," signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso, b. xii. st. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,

"Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold."

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakspeare. TOLLET.

The following passage in John Grange's Garden, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-hand*. In a poem called The Paynting of a Curtizan, he says:

"Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande*." STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-hand* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-hand*." MALONE.



*Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
 Masks for faces, and for noses;  
 Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber<sup>7</sup>,  
 Perfume for a lady's chamber :  
 Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
 For my lads to give their dears;  
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel<sup>8</sup>,  
 What maids lack from head to heel :*

<sup>7</sup> — *necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber*.  
 “Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. III. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads,” Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber*. See Sams. Agon. v. 720 :

“An *amber* scent of odorous perfume,

“Her harbinger.” T. WARTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *poking-sticks of steel,*] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, is the following instance :—“There is such a deale of pinning these ruffles, when the fine clean fall is worth them all ;” and, again : “If you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form,” &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 : “Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.”

These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody*, 1633, second part ; and in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July, 1590, was entered “A ballat entitled *Blewe Starche and Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London.”

Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 8vo. no date :

“They [*poking-sticks*] be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal ; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe,” &c.

*Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
Come, buy, &c.*

*CLO.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

*MOP.* I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

*DOR.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*MOP.* He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

*CLO.* Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole<sup>9</sup>, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before

Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." See Much Ado about Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — KILN-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole* ;" and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

*Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England, is not a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

Did Mr. Steevens suppose that there was a lime-kiln in Ford's house ? MALONE.

*Kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole*, in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt ; and is still a noted gossiping place. HARRIS.

all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues<sup>1</sup>, and not a word more.

*MOP.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace<sup>2</sup>, and a pair of sweet gloves<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — CLAMOUR your tongues,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. II.:

"*Ben.*—If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the *bell rings* and the widow weeps.

"*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

"*Ben.* Question? why an hour in *clamour*, and a quarter in rheum." GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, "Give one grand peal, and then have done." "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols,) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound." If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us.

But, after all, I am inclined to think, with Grey, that *clamour* is here a misprint for *charm your tongues*, i. e. *be silent*. So, in *A Faire Quarrell* by Middleton and Rowley, 1607:

"*Chan.* Ile not speake a word y faith.

"*Russ.* *Charme* your man, I beseech you, too." MALONE.

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of—"ringing a dumb peal," i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — you promised me a TAWDRY LACE,] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill:

"And gird in your wast,

"For more finnesse, with a *tawdrie lace*." T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*."

*CLO.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569 :

“ Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,  
“ *Laces round and flat for women's heads.*”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second :

“ Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make  
“ Them *tawdries* for their necks.”

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song :

“ — not the smallest beck,  
“ But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a pair of sweet gloves.] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale :

“ Gloves as sweet as damask roses.”

Stowe's Continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “ make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges : and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of culled silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands : and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*” Stowe's *Annals*, by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity College, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs : “ *Solut. pro fumi-gandis chirothecis.*” Gloves make a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned ; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years,) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this

*AUT.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*CLO.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*AUT.* I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*CLO.* What hast here ? ballads ?

*MOP.* Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life<sup>4</sup> ; for then we are sure they are true.

*AUT.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

*MOP.* Is it true, think you ?

*AUT.* Very true ; and but a month old.

*DOR.* Bless me from marrying a usurer !

*AUT.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mis-

purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First. T. WARTON.

In the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, (which must have been written before the year 1375,) is the following passage, from which one would suppose, (if the author has been guilty of no anti-climax) that *gloves* were once a more estimable present than *gold* :

" Lete me thy prisoneres seen,

" I wolc thee gyfe both goolde and *gloves*." p. 39.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I love a ballad in print, A'-LIFE ;] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—*or* a life. The text, however, is right ; only it should be printed thus :—*a'-life*. So, it is in Ben Jonson :

" — thou lov'st *a'-life*

" Their perfum'd judgment."

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of—*at life* ; as *a'-work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606 : " Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619 : " I love that sport *a'-life*, i'faith." *A-life* is the reading of the eldest copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. STEEVENS.

tress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

*MOP.* Pray you now, buy it.

*CLO.* Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*AUT.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish<sup>6</sup>, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids:

<sup>6</sup> — ballad, Of a fish, &c.] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus in a subsequent scene of this play:—"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

"Of a fish that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought, she was a woman," In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationer's Company: "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes.

In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shews of London from 1623 to 1642, I find "a licence to Francis Sherret, to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." In that age as at present not only beasts and fishes, but human creatures, were exhibited, and the defects of nature turned to profit; for in a subsequent year the following extraordinary entry occurs, which ascertains a fact that has been doubted:

"A license for six months granted to Lazarus, an Italian, to shew his brother Baptista, that grows out of his navell, and carries him at his syde. In confirmation of his Majesty's warrant, granted unto him to make publique shewe. Dated the 4. Novemb. 1637." MALONE.

An account of Lazarus and Baptista is given, with a portrait annexed, in Thomæ Bartholini Historiarum Anatomicarum rariorum Centuria, l et 11. Amstelodami, 1654. BOSWELL.

See The Tempest, Act II. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh<sup>7</sup> with one that loved her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you ?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too : Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part ; you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

### SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go ;  
Where, it fits not you to know.*

D. *Whither ?* M. *O, whither ?* D. *Whither ?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell :*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill :*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither ?* A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be ;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

*Then, whither go'st ? say, whither ?*

7 — FOR she would not exchange flesh —] i. e. because.

REED.

So, in Othello : " Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves ;  
My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>8</sup> talk, and  
we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack  
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both :—Ped-  
ler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?  
Come to the pedler ;  
Money's a medler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a<sup>9</sup>.*  
[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS,  
and MOPSA.*

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shep-  
herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds<sup>1</sup>, that

<sup>8</sup> — sad —] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"hand in hand, in *sad* conference." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and Acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same." REED.

See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: "An *utterance*, or sale." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Master, there are three CARTERS, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds,] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four*



have made themselves all men of hair<sup>2</sup>; they call

threes of *herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended all the *four threes* should have. I therefore guess he wrote:—‘Master, there are three goat-herds,’ &c. And so, I think, we take in the *four* species of cattle usually tended by herdsmen. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — all men of hair;] *Men of hair* are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

The curious reader, who wishes for more exact information relative to the foregoing occurrence in the year 1392, may consult the translation of Froissart's Chronicle, by Johan Bouchier knyght, lorde Berners, &c. 1525, vol. ii. cap. C.xcii. fo. CCxliii: “Of the aduenture of a daunce that was made at Parys in lykenesse of wodehowses, wherein the Frenche kynge was in parell of dethe.” STEEVENS.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery:

“During their abode, [that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son,] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen: for a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like satyrs with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort, as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them; weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they perceived the satyrs wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of

themselves saltiers<sup>3</sup>: and they have a dance which

the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who he alledged had done it out of despight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen." REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine MS. of Froissart's Chronicle, preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *hairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, b. iv. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.



the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>4</sup> of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling<sup>5</sup>;) it will please plentifully.

*SHEP.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*POL.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*SERV.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire<sup>6</sup>.

*SHEP.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*SERV.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*POL.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter<sup>7</sup>.—

<sup>3</sup> — they call themselves *SALTIER*s:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, "All the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — gallimaufry—] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard Words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a *gallimaufry* is "a confused heape of things together." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — bowling,] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — by the squire.] i. e. by the foot-rule. Esquierre, Fr. See Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 435, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.] This is replied by the King in answer to the Shepherd's saying, "since these good men are pleased." WARBURTON.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—  
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now,  
fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-  
sack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him: If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,  
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited<sup>8</sup>  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.*

Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and  
lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem<sup>9</sup>,  
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow<sup>1</sup>, that's  
bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

The dance which has interven'd would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the King seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old Shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — straited —] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — who, it should seem,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — or the fann'd snow,] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

*POL.* What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But, to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*FLO.* Do, and be witness to't.

*POL.* And this my neighbour too?

*FLO.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and  
all;

That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-  
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize  
them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ser-  
vice,

Or to their own perdition.

*POL.* Fairly offer'd.

*CAM.* This shows a sound affection.

*SHEP.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*PER.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*SHEP.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness  
to't:

“That pure congealed white, high *Taurus' snow*,

“*Fann'd* by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.

“—or the *fann'd snow*,

“That's *bolted*,” &c. The fine sieve used by millers to sepa-  
rate flour from bran is called a *bolting* cloth. HARRIS.

I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*FLO.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses,

*SHEP.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*POL.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*FLO.* I have: But what of him?

*POL.* Knows he of this?

*FLO.* He neither does, nor shall.

*POL.* Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once  
more;

Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums<sup>2</sup>? Can he speak?  
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate<sup>3</sup>?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

<sup>2</sup> — altering rheums?] Rowe has transplanted this phrase  
into his *Jane Shore*, Act II. Sc. I.:

“ — when *altering rheums*

“ Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,” —

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — dispute his own estate?] Perhaps for *dispute* we might  
read *compute*; but “dispute his estate” may be the same with  
“talk over his affairs.” JOHNSON.

The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*.” STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases  
of imbecility, lunacy, &c.? CHAMIER.

It probably means—“Can he assert and vindicate his right to  
his own property.” M. MASON.

*FLO.* No, good sir ;  
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*POL.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial : Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,  
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*FLO.* I yield all this ;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*POL.* Let him know't.

*FLO.* He shall not.

*POL.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*FLO.* No, he must not.

*SHEP.* Let him, my son ; he shall not need to  
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*FLO.* Come, come he must not :—  
Mark our contract.

*POL.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd : Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh  
piece

Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force <sup>4</sup>, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

*SHEP.* O, my heart !

<sup>4</sup> — WHO, of force,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by the  
editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*POL.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,  
 and made  
 More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond  
 boy,—  
 If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
 That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as  
 never<sup>5</sup>  
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;  
 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
 Far than<sup>6</sup> Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;  
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this  
 time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-  
 ment,—  
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body<sup>7</sup> more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

*PER.* Even here undone!  
 I was not much afeard<sup>8</sup>: for once, or twice,

<sup>5</sup> That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as NEVER —] The old copy reads, with absurd redundancy:

“That thou no more shalt *never* see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Far than —] I think for *far than* we should read—*far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the Glossaries to Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*:

“But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.” *H. of Fa.* b. ii. v. 92.

“Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

*Knight's Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> Or HOOP his body —] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> I was not much afeard, &c.] The character is here finely



I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike <sup>9</sup>.—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?  
[To FLORIZEL.

I told you, what would come of this : 'Beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—

sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the King's discovery of himself had not become her birth ; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame SUN, that shines upon his COURT,  
 Hides not his visage from our COTTAGE, but  
 Looks on alike.] So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem, by Sir John Davies, 1599 :

“Thou, like the *sunne*, dost with indifferent ray,

“Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine.”

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597 :

“The *sunne* on *rich* and *poor* alike doth shine.”

“Looks on alike,” is supported by a passage in King Henry VIII. :

“————— No, my lord,

“You know no more than others, but you blame

“Things that are known *alike*.”

i. e. that are known alike *by all*.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“He is my prize ; I will not *look upon*.”

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“Why stand we here—

“And *look upon*, as if the tragedy

“Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors.” MALONE.

To *look upon*, in more modern phrase, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances. STEEVENS.

This passage has been imitated not inelegantly by Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* :

“————— The stars shoot

“An equal influence on the open cottage,

“Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,

“And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd

“With care and whisper.” BOSWELL.

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*CAM.* Why, how now, father?  
Speak, ere thou diest.

*SHEP.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three<sup>1</sup>,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust<sup>2</sup>.—O cursed  
wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire<sup>3</sup>. [*Exit.*

*FLO.* Why look you so upon me<sup>4</sup>?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

<sup>1</sup> You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.] These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> Where no priest shovels-in dust.] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c.

HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Had I but died an hour before this chance,

“I had liv'd a blessed time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Why look you so UPON ME?] Perhaps the two last words should be omitted. STEEVENS.

More straining on, for plucking back ; not following  
My leash unwillingly.

*CAM.* Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper<sup>5</sup> : at this time  
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,  
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

*FLO.* I not purpose it.  
I think, Camillo.

*CAM.* Even he, my lord.  
*PER.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known ?

*FLO.* It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith ; And then  
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,  
And mar the seeds within<sup>6</sup> !—Lift up thy looks<sup>7</sup> :—  
From my succession wipe me, father ! I  
Am heir to my affection.

*CAM.* Be advis'd.  
*FLO.* I am ; and by my fancy<sup>8</sup> : if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*CAM.* This is desperate, sir.

*FLO.* So call it : but it does fulfil my vow :

<sup>5</sup> You know YOUR father's temper :] The old copy reads—*my* father's. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And mar the seeds within !] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ And nature's *germins* tumble all together.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — LIFT UP thy looks :] “ *Lift up* the light of thy countenance.” Psalm iv. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and by my FANCY :] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.  
So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

See vol. v. p. 301, n. 7. STEEVENS.

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
 To see him any more,) cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune,  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
 With her, whom here<sup>9</sup> I cannot hold on shore;  
 And, most opportune to our need<sup>1</sup>, I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*  
 I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremovable,  
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,

<sup>9</sup> — WHOM here —] Old copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And, most opportune to our need,] The old copy has—*her* need. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Perhaps unnecessary. “*Her need*,” is ‘the need we have of her,’ i. e. the vessel. BOSWELL.

I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

CAM. Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,  
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king ;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness ; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;  
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking <sup>2</sup>.

FLO. How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you'll go ?

<sup>2</sup> And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)

Your DISCONTENTING father strive to qualify,

And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match ; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—" I'll strive to qualify ;"—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

*Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented*. MALONE.

*FLO.* Not any yet :  
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
 To what we wildly do <sup>3</sup> ; so we profess  
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance <sup>4</sup>, and flies  
 Of every wind that blows.

*CAM.* Then list to me :  
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
 But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;  
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
 (For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;  
 She shall be habited, as it becomes  
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
 His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son <sup>5</sup>, forgiveness,  
 As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands  
 Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him  
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one  
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
 Faster than thought, or time.

*FLO.* Worthy Camillo,  
 What colour for my visitation shall I  
 Hold up before him ?

<sup>3</sup> But as the UNTHOUGHT-ON ACCIDENT IS GUILTY  
 To what we wildly do ;] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh  
 to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare ; and this is one of those passages that should caution us  
 not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III.  
 Sc. II. :

“ But lest myself be *guilty to* self wrong,  
 “ I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song,”

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made  
 by Polixenes. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> Ourselves to be the slaves of CHANCE,] As *chance* has  
 driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to  
 be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — asks thee, THE son,] The old copy reads—*thee there*  
 son. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—(as Mr. Ritson observes)—

“ Asks *there* the son forgiveness—,” STEEVENS.

CAM. Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,  
What you must say<sup>6</sup>; that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this<sup>7</sup>.

CAM. A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-  
tain,  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
But, as you shake off one, to take another<sup>8</sup>:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love;

<sup>6</sup> Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:

The which shall point you forth, at EVERY SITTING,

What you must say;] *Every sitting*, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea*. But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to when he has altered it to *every fitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called in common speech *the sittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> There is some SAP IN THIS.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"There's sap in't yet." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — miseries —

But, as you shake off one, to take another:] So, in Cymbeline:

"—— to shift his being,

"Is to exchange one misery with another." STEEVENS.

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*PER.* One of these is true :  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind<sup>9</sup>.

*CAM.* Yea, say you so ?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

*FLO.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

*CAM.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*PER.* Your pardon, sir, for this ;  
I'll blush you thanks<sup>1</sup>.

*FLO.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me ;  
The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia——

*CAM.* My lord,  
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes

<sup>9</sup> But not TAKE IN the mind.] To *take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,

“ And *take in* Toryne.”

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to *take in*, in the present instance, is simply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Your pardon, sir, for this ;

I'll blush you thanks.] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus :

“ Your pardon, sir ; for this

“ I'll blush you thanks.” MALONE.

In the old copy it is pointed thus :

“ Your pardon, for this.” BOSWELL.



Do all lie there : it shall be so my care  
 To have you royally appointed, as if  
 The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
 That you may know you shall not want,—one word.  
 [*They talk aside.*]

*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander<sup>2</sup>, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed<sup>3</sup>, and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the

<sup>2</sup> — POMANDER,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract intituled, *Certain necessary Directions*, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing Infection, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

In *Lingua*, or a *Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the following receipt given, Act. IV. Sc. III.:

“ Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this : Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.”

The speaker represents Odor. STEEVENS.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in *Plat's Delights for Ladies* to adorne their Persons, &c. 1611, and in *The accomlisht Lady's Delight*, 1675. They all differ. DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> — as if my trinkets had been HALLOWED,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears<sup>5</sup> : you might have pinched a placket<sup>6</sup>, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.*

*CAM.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*FLO.* And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

*CAM.* Shall satisfy your father.

*PER.*

Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shows fair.

*CAM.*

Who have we here ?——

[*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*

<sup>5</sup> — all their other senses stuck IN EARS :] Read:—" stuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — a PLACKET,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in King Lear: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This subject, however, may receive further illustration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32 :

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note

"Whose burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate :*

"Not that she feares close nips, for by the rood,

"A privy pleasing nip will cheare her blood :

"But she which longs to tast of pleasure's cup,

"In nipping would her petticoate weare up."

STEEVENS.

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit  
Nothing, may give us aid.

*AUT.* If they have overheard me now,——why  
hanging. [*Aside.*

*CAM.* How now, good fellow ? Why shakest thou  
so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to  
thee.

*AUT.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*CAM.* Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal  
that from thee : Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,  
we must make an exchange : therefore, discase thee  
instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,)  
and change garments with this gentleman : Though  
the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold  
thee, there's some boot <sup>7</sup>.

*AUT.* I am a poor fellow, sir :—I know ye well  
enough. [*Aside.*

*CAM.* Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is  
half flayed already <sup>8</sup>.

*AUT.* Are you in earnest, sir ?—I smell the trick  
of it.— [*Aside.*

*FLO.* Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

*AUT.* Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot  
with conscience take it.

*CAM.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to you !—you must retire yourself

<sup>7</sup> — boot.] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now  
say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — is half *FLAYED* already.] I suppose Camillo means to say  
no more, than that Florizel is half stripped already.

He may however at the same time intend to insinuate that his  
friend is either half covered with vermin already, or half exco-  
riated by their bite. In *Coriolanus* the verb is used in its ori-  
ginal sense, and was anciently written to *flea*, though *flay* seems  
more proper :

“ ——— Who's yonder,

“ That does appear as he were *flead* ? ” MALONE.

Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,  
 And pluck it o'er thy brows ; muffle your face ;  
 Dismantle you ; and as you can, disliken  
 The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,  
 (For I do fear eyes over you<sup>9</sup>.) to shipboard  
 Get undescried.

*PER.* I see, the play so lies,  
 That I must bear a part.

*CAM.* No remedy.—  
 Have you done there ?

*FLO.* Should I now meet my father,  
 He would not call me son.

*CAM.* Nay, you shall have no hat :—  
 Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

*AUT.* Adieu, sir.

*FLO.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot<sup>1</sup> ?  
 Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

*CAM.* What I do next, shall be, to tell the king  
 [*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;  
 Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
 To force him after : in whose company  
 I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight  
 I have a woman's longing.

*FLO.* Fortune speed us !—  
 Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*CAM.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

*AUT.* I understand the business, I hear it : To  
 have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,  
 is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite

<sup>9</sup> — over you,] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — what have we twain forgot?] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a conversation apart, account for a sudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius suddenly exclaims—" *Qu'ay j'oublié ?* "—and Mrs. Quickly "Out upon't! *what have I forgot ?*" STEEVENS.

also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't<sup>2</sup>: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! there

<sup>2</sup> — If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't.] The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. 'The prince,' says he, 'is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave; but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the *prince*, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, *though* a piece of honesty to him:' however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—"If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, &c. I *would* do it:" but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, because in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the stage, must have designed to render himself intelligible without the aid of so long an explanatory clause as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands.

STEEVENS.

is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*SHEP.* Nay, but hear me.

*CLO.* Nay, but hear me.

*SHEP.* Go to then.

*CLO.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

*SHEP.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*CLO.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce<sup>3</sup>.

*AUT.* Very wisely ; puppies ! *[Aside.*

*SHEP.* Well ; let us to the king ; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

*AUT.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*CLO.* 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

*AUT.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement<sup>4</sup>.—*[Takes off his false beard.]* How now, rusticks, whither are you bound ?

<sup>3</sup> — and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce,] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—"by I know *not* how much an ounce." Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — pedler's EXCREMENT.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of Soliman and Perseda, 1599 :

*SHEP.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*AUT.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having<sup>5</sup>, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*CLO.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*AUT.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie<sup>6</sup>.

*CLO.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner<sup>7</sup>.

*SHEP.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*AUT.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court<sup>8</sup>? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt?

“Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,

“Not a hair, not an *excrement*.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“—— dally with my *excrement*, with my mustachio.”

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: “Why is time such a nig-gard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an *excrement*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — of what HAVING,] i. e. estate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “The gentleman is of no *having*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — therefore they do not GIVE us the lie.] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *sell* it us. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — with the manner.] In the fact. See vol. iv. p. 292, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — hath not my gait in it, the MEASURE of the court?] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. I.: “— the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of *state* and ancientry.” MALONE.

Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>9</sup> from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*SHEP.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*AUT.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*SHEP.* I know not, an't like you.

*CLO.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant<sup>1</sup>; say, you have none.

<sup>9</sup> — insinuate, OR TOZE —] The first folio reads—*at toaze*; the second—*or toaze*.

To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,

“Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,

“His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.”

The word *touze* is used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

“—— We'll *touze* you joint by joint,

“But we will know this purpose.”

To *touse*, says Minsheu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

“—— close the serpent sly

“*Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine,

“His braided train, and of his fatal guile

“Gave proof unheeded.”—*Par. Lost*, b. iv. l. 347.

“—— coarse complexions,

“And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply

“The sampler, and to *teaze* the housewife's wool.”

*Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

<sup>1</sup> ADVOCATE's the court-word for a PHEASANT;] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *phcasant*. STEEVENS.



*SHEP.* None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen<sup>2</sup>.

*AUT.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I'll not disdain.

*CLO.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*SHEP.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*CLO.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical ; a great man, I'll warrant ; I know, by the picking on's teeth<sup>3</sup>.

*AUT.* The fardel there ? what's i' the fardel ?  
Wherefore that box ?

*SHEP.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*AUT.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*SHEP.* Why, sir ?

*AUT.* The king is not at the palace ; he is gone

Perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read—a *present*, which the old shepherd mistakes for a *pheasant*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.] The allusion here was probably more intelligible in the time of Shakspeare than it is at present, though the mode of bribery and influence referred to, has been at all times employed, and as it should seem, with success. Our author might have had in his mind the following, then a recent instance. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present ; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, “ for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.” See Sir Simon D'Ewes's Journals of Parliament, in Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

REED.

<sup>3</sup> — a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in King John, speaking of the traveller, says :

“ He and *his pick-tooth* at my worship's mess.” JOHNSON.

aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*SHEP.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*AUT.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*CLO.* Think you so, sir?

*AUT.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*CLO.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*AUT.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'nointed over with honey<sup>4</sup>, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot-infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication pro-

<sup>4</sup> — then, 'nointed over with honey, &c.] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen:—"he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after anointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." The Stage of Popish Toyes, 1581, p. 33. REED.

claims<sup>5</sup>, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him ; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king : being something gently considered<sup>6</sup>, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*CLO.* He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

*SHEP.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*AUT.* After I have done what I promised ?

*SHEP.* Ay, sir.

*AUT.* Well, give me the moiety :—Are you a party in this business ?

<sup>5</sup> — the hottest day PROGNOSTICATION proclaims,] That is, “ the hottest day foretold in the almanack.” JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title : “ An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God 1595.” See Herbert's *Typograph. Antiq.* ii. 1029. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — being something gently considered,] Means, “ I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me,” i. e. a bribe, “ will bring you,” &c.

So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ — sure, sir, I'll *consider* it hereafter if I can.

“ What, *consider* me ? dost thou think that I am a *bribe-taker* ? ”

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633 : “ Thou shalt be well *considered*, there's twenty crowns in earnest.” STEEVENS.

*CLO.* In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*AUT.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son :— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*CLO.* Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

*AUT.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*CLO.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*SHEP.* Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*AUT.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.*

*CLEO.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass : At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*LEON.* Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*PAUL.* True, too true, my lord <sup>7</sup> :  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good <sup>8</sup> ,  
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me

<sup>7</sup> TRUE, too true, my lord:] In former editions :

“ Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man

"Bred his hopes out of, true.

"*Paul*. Too true, my lord :

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that *true*, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
 Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good  
                   now,  
 Say so but seldom.

*CLEO.*                               Not at all, good lady :  
 You might have spoken a thousand things that  
                   would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
 Your kindness better.

*PAUL.*                               You are one of those,  
 Would have him wed again.

*DION.*                               If you would not so,  
 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
 Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,  
 What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
 Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
 Than to rejoice, the former queen is well<sup>9</sup> ?  
 What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort and for future good,—  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to't ?

*PAUL.*                               There is none worthy,  
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,

<sup>9</sup> — the former queen is *WELL* ?] i. e. at rest, dead. In Antony and Cleopatra, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead :

“ *Mess.* First, madam, he is *well*.”

“ *Cleop.* Why there's more gold ; but sirrah, mark ;

“ We use to say, *the dead are well* ; bring it to that,

“ The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“ Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in Romeo and Juliet, Balthazar, speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, says :

“ Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill.” MALONE.

This phrase seems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
 Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me ; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;

[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir : Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

LEON.

Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;  
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAUL.

And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

LEON.

Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one  
 worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
 Again possess her corpse ; and, on this stage  
 (Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd,  
 Begin, *And why to me* <sup>1</sup> ?

<sup>1</sup> (Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd,

Begin, *AND WHY TO ME* ?] The old copy reads—“ And  
 begin, *why to me* ? ” The transposition now adopted was pro-  
 posed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads :

“ — and on this stage

“ (Where we *offend* her now) appear soul-vex'd,” &c.

Mr. Heath would read—“ (*Were* we offenders now) appear,”  
 &c. “ — that is, if we should now at last so far offend her.” Mr.  
 M. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus :

“ And begin, *why* ? to me.”

That is, begin to call me to account.

PAUL. Had she such power,  
She had just cause<sup>2</sup>.

LEON. She had ; and would incense me<sup>3</sup>  
To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so :  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't

There is so much harsh and involved construction in this play, that I am not sure, but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus :

“ Again possess her corpse, (and on this stage

“ Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)

“ And begin, *why to me?* ”

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates would be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think, something awkward in the phrase—“ Where we offenders now *appear*.” By removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd* to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

To countenance my transposition, be it observed, that the blunders occasioned by the printers of the first folio are so numerous, that it should seem, when a word dropped out of their press, they were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear. HENLEY.

“ Why to me ? ” means, I think, ‘ Why such treatment to me ? when a worse wife is better used.’ BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> She had just cause.] The first and second folio read—  
“ She had just *such* cause.” REED.

We should certainly read, “ she had just cause.” The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre.

M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the Second Appendix to my Supplement to Shakspeare, 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — INCENSE me —] i. e. instigate me, set me on. So, in King Richard III. :

“ Think you, my lord, this little prating York

“ Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother ? ” STEEVENS.



You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your  
 ears  
 Shou'd rift<sup>4</sup> to hear me; and the words that fol-  
 low'd  
 Should be, *Remember mine.*

*LEON.* Stars, stars<sup>5</sup>,  
 And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,  
 I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*PAUL.* Will you swear  
 Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*LEON.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*PAUL.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
 oath.

*CLEO.* You tempt him over-much.

*PAUL.* Unless another,  
 As like Hermione as is her picture,  
 Affront his eye<sup>6</sup>.

*CLEO.* Good madam,—

*PAUL.* I have done<sup>7</sup>.  
 Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
 No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
 To choose you a queen: she shall not be so  
 young  
 As was your former; but she shall be such,

<sup>4</sup> Should RIFT —] i. e. split. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ — rifted Jove's stout oak.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Stars, VERY stars,] The word—*very*, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to assist the metre. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ 'Twas *very* Cloten.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Especially against his *very* friend.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Affront his eye.] To *affront* is to *meet*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Your preparation can *affront* no less

“ Than what you hear of.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Paul.* I have done.] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take  
 joy  
 To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,  
 We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL. That  
 Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;  
 Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

GENT. One that gives out himself prince Flori-  
 zel,  
 Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
 The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access  
 To your high presence.

LEON. What with him ? he comes not  
 Like to his father's greatness : his approach,  
 So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
 By need, and accident. What train ?

GENT. But few,  
 And those but mean.

LEON. His princess, say you, with him ?

GENT. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I  
 think,  
 That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL. O Hermione,  
 As every present time doth boast itself  
 Above a better, gone ; so must thy grave  
 Give way to what's seen now<sup>8</sup>. Sir, you yourself  
 Have said and writ so<sup>9</sup>, (but your writing now

<sup>8</sup> — so must thy GRAVE

Give way to what's seen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy  
 beauties, which are buried in the grave ; the continent for the  
 contents. EDWARDS.

<sup>9</sup> — Sir, you yourself

Have said, and writ so,] The reader must observe that so

Is colder than that theme <sup>1</sup>;) *She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equall'd*;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature <sup>2</sup>,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How? not women?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a  
woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]  
He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our Prince,  
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had  
pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st <sup>3</sup>,

relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *she had not been—equall'd.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Is colder than that *THEME*,] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> This is *SUCH* a creature,] The word *such*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciously supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pr'ythee, NO MORE; thou know'st,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

“Pr'ythee, no more; *cease*; thou know'st,”—

He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that, which may  
 Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
 and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;  
 For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,  
 Your father's image is so hit in you,  
 His very air, that I should call you brother,  
 As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly  
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !  
 And you fair princess, goddess!—O, alas !  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
 You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost  
 (All mine own folly,) the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,  
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
 Once more to look on him <sup>4</sup>.

*Cease*, I believe, was a mere marginal gloss or explanation of  
 —no more, and, injuriously to the metre, had crept into the text.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — whom,

Though bearing misery, I desire my life

Once more to look UPON.] The old copy reads—

“ Once more to look on him.” STEEVENS.

For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. See p. 288, n. 9. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—“ *Sir*, by his command,” &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

As I suppose this incorrect phraseology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the sake of

*FLO.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend <sup>5</sup>,  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something  
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

*LEON.* O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,  
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
The adventure of her person?

*FLO.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*LEON.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

metre) instead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the present scene:

“I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes—.”

Again, p. 426:

“Strike all that look *upon* with marvel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — that a king *AT* friend,] Thus the old copy; but having met with no example of such phraseology, I suspect our author wrote—*and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

“At friend,” perhaps means, ‘at friendship.’ So, in *Hamlet*, we have—“the wind *at* help.” We might, however, read, omitting only a single letter—*a* friend. STEEVENS.

*FLO.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
 whose daughter  
 His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her<sup>6</sup>: thence  
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness: My best train  
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

*LEON.* The blessed gods<sup>7</sup>  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman<sup>8</sup>; against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:

<sup>6</sup> — whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read:

“ ——— whose daughter

“ His tears proclaim'd *her* parting with her.”

The Prince first tells that the lady came from Libya; the King, interrupting him, says, from Smalus? from him, says the Prince, whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.

JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is cleared.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The blessed gods —] Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-blessed gods;—but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

I must confess that in this present dissyllabic pronunciation I have not the smallest degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre should at least be countenanced by the shadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

“ Here, where we *happily* are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> A GRACEFUL gentleman;] i. e. full of grace and virtue.

M. MASON.

For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd,  
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you ?

*Enter a Lord.*

*LORD.* Most noble sir,  
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach his son ; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*LEON.* Where's Bohemia ? speak.

*LORD.* Here in the city ; I now came from him :  
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*FLO.* Camillo has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

*LORD.* Lay't so, to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

*LEON.* Who ? Camillo ?

*LORD.* Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now  
Has these poor men in question <sup>9</sup>. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;

<sup>9</sup> — in QUESTION.] i. e. conversation. So, in *As You Like It* :  
“ I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.”

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*PER.* O, my poor father !—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*LEON.* You are married ?

*FLO.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—  
The odds for high and low's alike <sup>1</sup>.

*LEON.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king ?

*FLO.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*LEON.* That once, I see, by your good father's  
speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty <sup>2</sup>,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*FLO.* Dear, look up :  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot  
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The odds for HIGH AND LOW's alike.] A quibble upon the false dice so called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, vol. viii. p. 42, n. 9. DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> Your choice is not so rich in WORTH as beauty.] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth* ; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

" But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.



Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
 Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,  
 My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*LEON.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
 mistress,  
 Which he counts but a trifle.

*PAUL.* Sir, my liege,  
 Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
 gazes  
 Than what you look on now.

*LEON.* I thought of her,  
 Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
 [*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
 Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
 I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
 I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
 And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.  
 [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*AUT.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this  
 relation ?

*I GENT.* I was by at the opening of the fardel,  
 heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he  
 found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we  
 were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this,  
 methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the  
 child.

*AUT.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*I GENT.* I make a broken delivery of the busi-  
 ness ;—But the changes I perceived in the king,

and Camillo, were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed : A notable passion of wonder appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow <sup>4</sup> : but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more :

The news, Rogero ?

2 GENT. Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir ?

3 GENT. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ; —the affection of nobleness <sup>5</sup>, which nature shows

<sup>4</sup> — if the IMPORTANCE were joy, or sorrow ;] *Importance* here means, *import*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the AFFECTION of nobleness,] *Affection* here perhaps

above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 GENT. No.

3 GENT. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner<sup>6</sup>, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour<sup>7</sup>. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her<sup>8</sup>; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten<sup>9</sup> conduit of

means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title: "The first Set of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the Sense of the Original Ditty, but to the *Affection* of the Noate," &c. By Thomas Watson, quarto, 1590. *Affection* is used in Hamlet for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in King Henry IV. *affection* is used for *propensity*:

"—— in speech, in gait,

"In diet, in *affections* of delight,

"In military exercises, humours of blood,

"He was the mark and glass," &c. MALONE.

6 — so, and in such manner,] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

7 — favour.] i. e. countenance, features. So, in Othello:

"Defeat thy *favour* with an usurped beard." STEEVENS.

8 — with CLIPPING her:] i. e. embracing her. So, Sidney:

"He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,

"Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

STEEVENS

many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it<sup>1</sup>.

2 *GENT.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *GENT.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *GENT.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *GENT.* Wrecked, the same instant of their

9 — weather-BITTEN, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—weather-beaten. Hamlet says: "The air *bites* shrewdly;" and the Duke in *As You Like It*:—"when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *coroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—"winter-bitten epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How now? a *conduit*, girl? what still in tears?

"Evermore showering?" HENLEY.

See vol. vi. p. 470, n. 3.

*Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — I never heard of such another encounter, which LAMES REPORT TO FOLLOW IT, and undoes description to do it.] We have the same sentiment in *The Tempest*:

"For thou wilt find she will *outstrip* all praise,

"And make it *halt* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"——— a face

"That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,

"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

master's death ; and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *GENT.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *GENT.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter : till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas !* I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there<sup>2</sup>, changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all

<sup>2</sup> — most marble there,] i. e. most petrified with wonder.

So, in Milton's epitaph on our author :

“ There thou our fancy of itself bereaving,

“ Dost make us *marble by too much conceiving.*”

STEEVENS.

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It would not be extraordinary that those persons should change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was that hardened hearts should be moved by a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ ——— Hearts of most hard temper

“ Melt and lament for him.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ ——— now from head to foot

“ I am *marble* constant.” STEEVENS.

the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *GENT.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *GENT.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano<sup>3</sup>;

3 — that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; &c.] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come ; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity* ; and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if Julio Romano had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act V. Sc. VIII. say :

“ — all city statues must be *painted*,

“ Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgements.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time : and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted, and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano :

“ The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;

“ You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own

“ With *oily painting*.” MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at Pompeii, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess

who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom<sup>4</sup>, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

1 GENT. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 GENT. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access<sup>5</sup>? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this

had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — of her custom,] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old Shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.

JOHNSON.

mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*SHEP.* Come, boy ; I am past more children ; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*CLO.* You are well met, sir : You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these clothes ? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born : you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*AUT.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*CLO.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*SHEP.* And so have I, boy.

*CLO.* So you have :—but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother ; and then the two kings called my father, brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father ; and so we wept : and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*SHEP.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*CLO.* Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*AUT.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship,



and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*SHEP.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*CLO.* Thou wilt amend thy life ?

*AUT.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*CLO.* Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*SHEP.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*CLO.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it<sup>6</sup>, I'll swear it.

*SHEP.* How if it be false, son ?

*CLO.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands<sup>7</sup>, and that thou

<sup>6</sup> — FRANKLINS say it,] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — TALL fellow of thy hands,] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

Part of this phrase occurs in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114 :

“ A noble knight eke of *his honde*.”

A *man of his hands* had anciently two significations. It either meant an adroit fellow who handled his weapon well, or a fellow skilful in thievery. In the first of these senses it is used by the Clown. Phraseology like this is often met with. So, in *Aco-lastus*, a comedy, 1540 :

“ *Thou art a good man of thyne habite*.” STEEVENS.

“ A tall fellow of thy hands ” means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches ; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

The following quotation from *Questions concernyng Coniehood*, &c. 1595, will at least ascertain the sense in which Autolycus would have wished this phrase to be received : “ Coniehood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongst mirth having but one crosse worde given him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood ; and doth this for this purpose, that the

wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*AUT.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*CLO.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters<sup>s</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in PAULINA'S House.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*LEON.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee !

*PAUL.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well : All my services,

standers by may say that he is " a tall fellow of his hands," and such a one as will not swallow a cantell of cheese."

In Chapman's version of the thirteenth Iliad, we have :

" Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and (brave men *of their hands*)

" The Phthian and Epeian troops—." STEEVENS.

I think, in old books, it generally means *a strong stout fellow*.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — Come, follow us : we'll be thy GOOD MASTERS.] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing ; " Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd  
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-  
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

LEON.

O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble : But we came  
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

PAUL.

As she liv'd peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart<sup>9</sup> : But here it is : prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis  
well.

[*PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off

<sup>9</sup> — therefore I keep it

LONELY, apart :] The old copy—*lovely*. STEEVENS.

*Lovery*, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads :

“ *Lonely*, apart : ”——

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*. WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that “ I keep it alone, separate from the rest,” is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In King Richard III. we find this very error :

“ Advantaging their *loue* with interest

“ Often times double.”

Here we have *loue* instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan*.

MALONE.

Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near ?

*LEON.* Her natural posture !—  
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,  
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

*POL.* O, not by much.

*PAUL.* So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes  
her  
As she liv'd now.

*LEON.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !  
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,  
There's magick in thy majesty ; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee !

*PER.* And give me leave ;  
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

*PAUL.* O, patience<sup>1</sup> ;  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*CAM.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

<sup>1</sup> O, patience ;] That is, " Stay a while, be not so eager."

So many summers, dry : scarce any joy  
 Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,  
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

*POL.* Dear my brother,  
 Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
 To take off so much grief from you, as he  
 Will piece up in himself.

*PAUL.* Indeed, my lord,  
 If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
 Would thus have wrought <sup>2</sup> you, (for the stone is  
 mine,) I'll not have show'd it <sup>3</sup>.

*LEON.* Do not draw the curtain.

*PAUL.* No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your  
 fancy  
 May think anon, it moves.

*LEON.* Let be, let be.

<sup>2</sup> — wrought —] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in Macbeth :

“ — my dull brain was wrought

“ With things forgotten.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought, the sight of my poor image

Would thus have wrought you, (FOR THE STONE IS MINE,)

I'd not have show'd it.] I do not know whether we should  
 not read, without a parenthesis :

“ — for the stone i' th' mine

“ I'd not have shew'd it.”

A *mine* of stone, or *marble*, would not at present perhaps be  
 esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used  
 by Shakspeare, as it has been used by Holinshed. Descript. of  
 England, c. ix. p. 235: “ Now if you have regard to their ornature,  
 how many *mines* of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are  
 there to be had in England? ”—And a little lower he uses the  
 same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister: “ And such is  
 the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in stakes,” &c.

TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly  
 not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

“ — (for the stone is mine),” So, afterwards, Paulina says ;  
 “ — be stone no more.” So also Leontes: “ Chide me, dear  
 stone.” MALONE.



*LEON.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together ;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*PAUL.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :  
but  
I could afflict you further.

*LEON.* Do, Paulina ;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*PAUL.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own  
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

*LEON.* No, not these twenty years.

*PER.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*PAUL.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you  
For more amazement : If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*LEON.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on : what to speak,  
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*PAUL.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;  
Or those<sup>7</sup>, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

<sup>7</sup> OR those,] The old copy reads—*On* those, &c. Corrected  
by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

LEON. Proceed ;  
No foot shall stir.

PAUL. Musick ; awake her : strike.—  
[Musick.

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;  
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.  
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again ; for then  
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

LEON. O, she's warm ! [Embracing her.  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck ;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make't manifest where she has  
liv'd,  
Or, how stol'n from the dead ?

PAUL. That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good  
lady ;

Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.

HER. You gods, look down <sup>8</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> You gods, look down, &c.] A similar invocation occurs in  
The Tempest :



And from your sacred vials pour your graces <sup>9</sup>  
 Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,  
 Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how  
     found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
 Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
 Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
 Myself, to see the issue.

PAUL.                   There's time enough for that ;  
 Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
 You precious winners all <sup>1</sup> ; your exultation  
 Partake to every one <sup>2</sup>. I, an old turtle,  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there  
 My mate, that's never to be found again,  
 Lament till I am lost <sup>3</sup>.

“ Look down, ye gods,

“ And on this couple drop a blessed crown ! ” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And from your SACRED VIALS pour your graces—] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings : “ And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth.” Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> You precious WINNERS all ;] You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — your exultation

PARTAKE to every one.] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser :

“ My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*

“ Of all my love, and all my privy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some WITHER'D bough ; and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says :

Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur.



Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
 We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt* <sup>6</sup>.

“ Or as the snail (*whose* tender horns *being* hurt,)

“ Shrinks backward to his shelly cave with pain.”

Here we should now write—“ *his* tender horns.”

See also a passage in King John, Act II. Sc. II.: “ Who *having* no external thing to lose,” &c. and another in Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. II. which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

“ FADINGS.” See p. 359. Mr Malone wishing to obtain some information respecting this old Irish dance, applied to his friend Andrew Caldwell, Esq. and received two letters in reply, from which I have extracted what relates to this subject :

“ *Dublin, 5th March, 1803.*

“ I consulted Vallancey about your Irish word, *fading*: he examined his Dictionary ; and finds that *fead* is a reed ; *feadan*, a pipe or flageolet ; *feadam*, to pipe, to whistle ; so that it was natural for an Englishman to give the name of the instrument to the dance it accompanied. I wrote to a friend in the country who is very intelligent in the Irish, and knows many native antiquaries ; he is at present very ill with the gout ; but whenever I get an answer from him I shall not fail to let you know whether he confirms Vallancey or gives any farther explanation. There is a small island in Bantry Bay, call'd *fead*, famous for this reed.”

“ *Dublin, 9th April, 1803.*

“ I did not chuse to rely entirely on General Vallancey's explanation of *fada*, and wrote to the country to an ingenious and intelligent friend who understands Irish, and is much acquainted with many rural antiquaries. The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means literally, ‘ the long dance.’ Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it ; ‘ *fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance.’ In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction ; hence *rinca fada* ; *faedan* is the diminutive, and means little reed ; *faedan* is the first person of the verb to whistle, either with the lips or with a reed, i. e. I whistle.

“ This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many

parts of Ireland ; a king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle ; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands ; you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under ; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession : when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions ; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly deck'd with gold and silver lace, (this I never heard of before,) and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning :

“ Thuga mair sein en souré ving.

“ ‘ We lead on summer—see ! she follows in our train.’

“ I believe here is a more exact and entertaining account than you could have expected ; but you in return are solicited to point out the passages in Shakspeare and Johnson where the dance is mentioned : the rural antiquaries are eager to know them, and not a little pleased at the circumstance, and that you have made the enquiry.” BOSWELL.

END OF VOL. XIV.











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